MAR 22 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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MARILYN MONROE

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AUDREY HEPBURN

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MAR 31 1955
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ann blyth

NEW MILLIONS HAVE TRIED IT! NEW MILLIONS LOVE IT!

Have you discovered Camay's Caressing Care?



"New cold cream Camay is my idea of the perfect beauty soap," says Mrs. Jess Altman, an enchanting Camay Bride. "It's so mild and gentle, I just love the feel of it on my skin. And I love the way it keeps my complexion looking its best, too."

THERE'S COLD CREAM NOW IN CAMAY

No other Beauty Soap pampers your skin like Camay!

Let it help you to a fresher, clearer, more radiant complexion!

Yes, gentle, luxurious Camay with its caressing care can be the best friend your complexion ever had! With its skin-pampering mildness, velvety lather, and exclusive fragrance, it's the beauty secret of so many exquisite brides. Let it caress *your* skin to new loveliness, too. Just change to regular care . . . use Camay and Camay alone. You'll see your skin become fresher, more radiant, softer with your first satin-smooth cake. And remember, there's precious cold cream in Camay—added luxury at no extra cost. For your beauty *and* your bath, there's no finer soap in all the world.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

MAR 22 1955



"What?...You haven't tasted NEW IPANA?"

(It's the best-tasting way to fight decay)

Chances are you'll be even more surprised than the wide-eyed girl above . . . once you do try new Ipana. Especially if you think all tooth pastes are more or less alike.

Because the wonderful minty flavor of new Ipana is so good it beat all three other leading tooth pastes hands down —after nationwide "hidden-name" home taste tests.

Destroys decay and bad-breath bacteria with WD-9

More good news is the way wonder-ingredient WD-9 in new-formula Ipana fights tooth decay—stops bad breath all day. It destroys most mouth bacteria with every single brushing, even bacteria your tooth brush can't reach.

So enjoy new Ipana . . . and trust your family's precious teeth to it.

New-Formula IPANA®

WITH BACTERIA-DESTROYER WD-9





Ipana A/C Tooth Paste (Ammoniated Chlorophyll) also contains bacteria-destroyer WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate).

MAKE YOUR OWN TASTE-TEST

Send for generous sample tube. Mail coupon today for trial tube (enough for about 25 brushings).

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. D-45, Hillside, N.J.

Please send me trial tube of new-formula Ipana. Enclosed is 3¢ stamp to cover part cost of handling.

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Street_____

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NEW!

DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!



PROVED IN UNDERARM COMPARISON TESTS MADE BY A DOCTOR

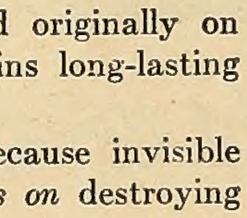
- Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours.
- New MUM *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

New **MUM** with M-3 won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics

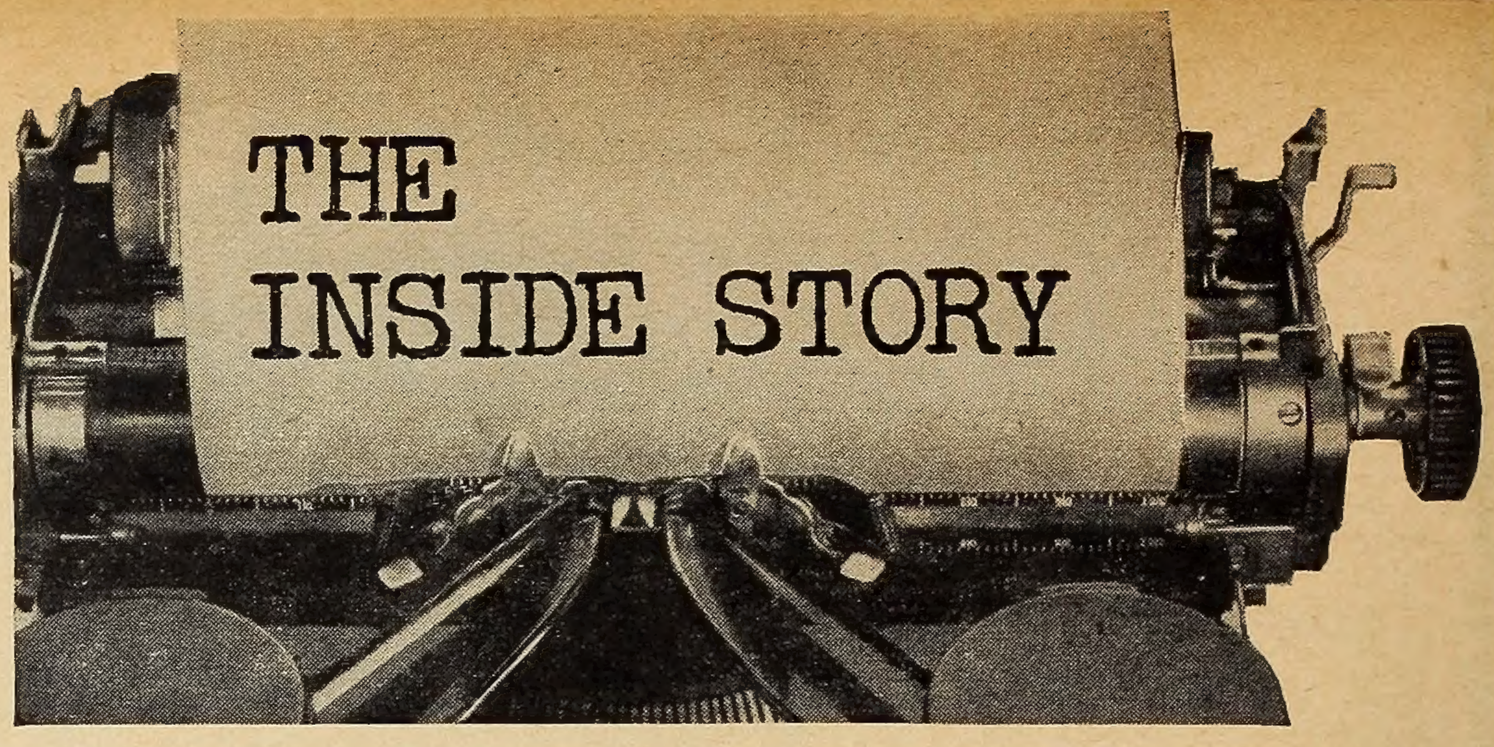
1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—*keeps on* destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
4. Won't rot or discolor fabrics—certified by American Institute of Laundering.
5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—New MUM won't dry out in the jar.

NEW MUM®

cream deodorant with long-lasting M-3 (HEXACHLOROPHENE)



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Does Terry Moore have a secret love? —H.T., FRESNO, CAL.

A. *Yes, a cattle-wealthy Texan.*

Q. I've been told that when his bungalow in Palm Springs caught fire, Dean Martin rescued two dozen golf balls but let his wife's jewels go up in flames. True or false? —J.H., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *True.*

Q. What is wrong with Edmund Purdom? Is it true he refused to spend Christmas Eve with his children?
—B.Y., SANTA FE, N. M.

A. *Purdom is a tormented soul. He spent Christmas Eve and Day with his family, brought them many gifts.*

Q. I've read so many conflicting stories about Bing Crosby. Is it true that he's retiring, that he won't appear on any TV shows? —B.T., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A. *Crosby is not retiring, will appear on two* TV *programs in 1955, one in March, one in July.*

Q. Why is there such a mystery about Sheree North, her wig, her ulcers and her boy friend? —D.U., DENVER, COLO.

A. *There is no mystery. Miss North is a blonde-wigged brunette who suffers from an ulcer, plans to marry Bud Freeman.*

Q. Will Dan Dailey ever marry Gwen O'Connor? What is the state of his health? —V.F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Dailey is in good spirits at this time, claims he has no marital intentions.*

Q. A friend told me that Van Johnson is surly to publicity men. Is this on the level? —S.L., KETCHUM, IDAHO

A. *When it comes to publicity, Johnson is not the most cooperative actor in Hollywood.*

Q. After seeing Mitzi Gaynor in *Show Business,* I'd like to know why she's been neglected so long.
—T.J., DETROIT, MICH.

A. *Mitzi is currently besieged by dozens of lucrative offers, stars opposite Bing Crosby in* Anything Goes.

Q. After all those battles, why did Rita Hayworth sign with Columbia again?
—L.J., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *She needs the money.*

Q. When Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds get married, where will they live?
—C.L., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A. *Hollywood.*

Q. Were Cyd Charisse, Jean Peters, Ginger Rogers, Terry Moore, Mitzi Gaynor and Lana Turner all in love with the same studio executive at one time? —F.G., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *They all knew him but not simultaneously.*

Q. Can you tell me what ever happened to Joseph Cotten?
—B.H., BURLINGTON, VT.

A. *He recently finished shooting* Little Ambassador *in Germany with Eva Bartok.*

Q. Does Mario Lanza still owe $265,000 in back income taxes?
—G.J., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A. *No, thanks to the sensational popularity of his* Student Prince *album. The Government placed a tax lien upon the royalties from the album, and Lanza now owes only $14,000.*

Q. What is the status of the friendship between Errol Flynn and a French *chanteuse* named Marjane?
—D.L., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *It is a warm friendship.*

Q. Is it true that Judy Garland, Pier

(*Continued on page 6*)

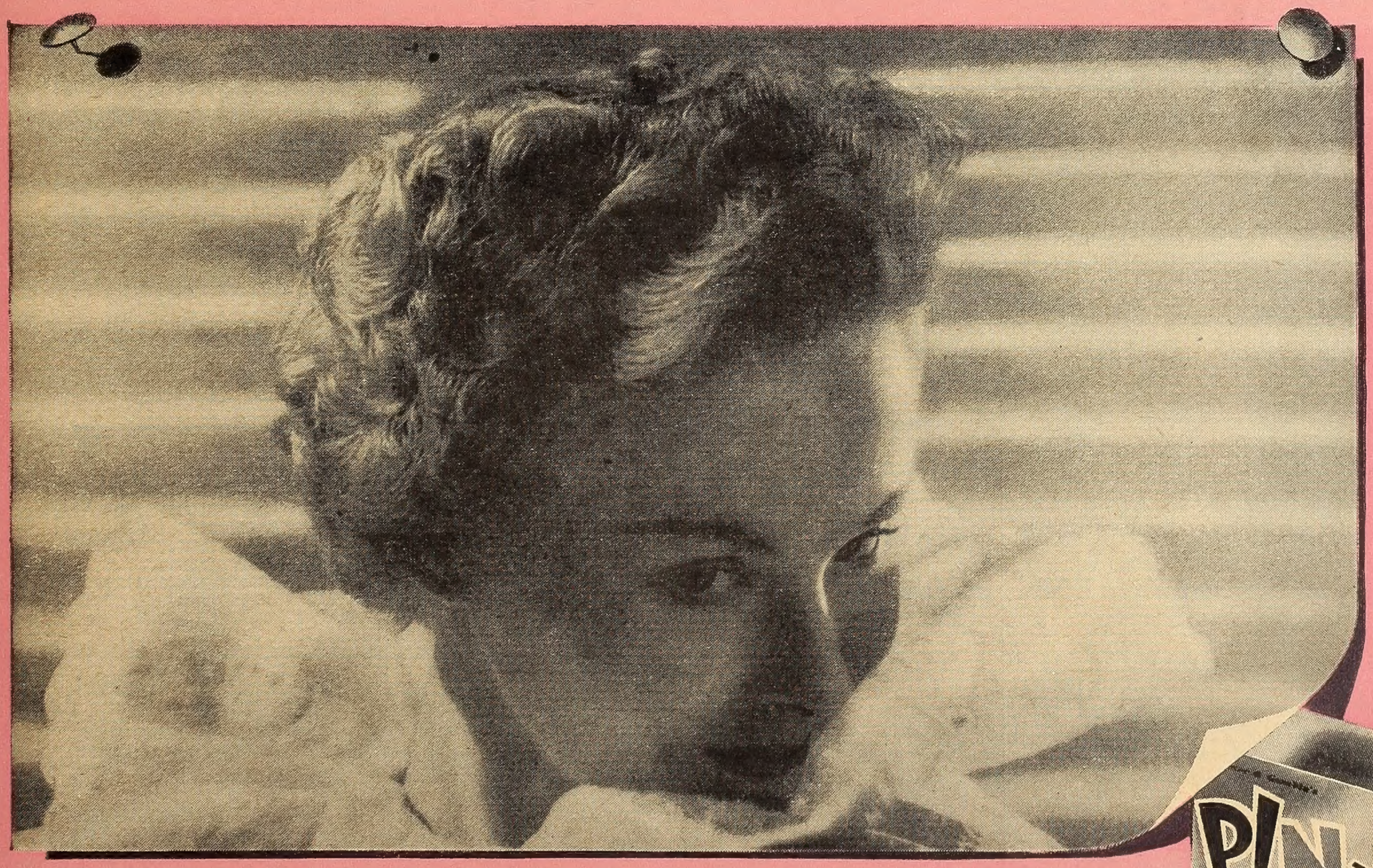
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WONDERFUL NEW EASY-TO-DO PIN-CURL PERMANENT

Perfect for new, shorter hair styles . . . gives that softer, lovelier picture-pretty look!

In hairdos, today's look is the soft look, and Procter & Gamble's wonderful new pin-curl home permanent is especially designed to give it to you. A PIN-IT wave is soft and lovely as a pin-curl set, *never* tight and kinky. PIN-IT is so *wonderfully* different. There's no strong ammonia odor while you use it or left in your hair afterwards. It's *easy* on your hair, too, so you can use it more often. And PIN-IT is *far* easier to give. You can do it all by yourself. Just put your hair up in pin curls and apply PIN-IT's Waving Lotion. Later, rinse and let dry. With self-neutralizing PIN-IT, you get waves and curls *where* you want them . . . no resetting needed . . . a permanent and a set in one step. For a wave that looks soft and lovely from the very first day and lasts weeks and weeks—try PIN-IT!



$1.50 plus tax



PIN-IT BY PROCTER & GAMBLE . . . for the curl of your dreams

look for it in the smart gold-foil package

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Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!



Because **Only New Colgate Dental Cream—Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains GARDOL* To Stop Bad Breath Instantly... Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer!**

YOUR DENTIST WILL TELL YOU how often you should brush your teeth. But whether that's once, twice, or 3 times a day, remember! Brushing for brushing, New Colgate's with Gardol gives the *surest* protection ever offered by any toothpaste! Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth that won't rinse off or wear off all day! And Colgate's stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! Clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in decay in toothpaste history!



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April, 1955

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the cover: Color portrait of MGM's Ann Blyth by Wallace Seawell. Miss Blyth will be seen next in *The King's Thief*. Other photographers' credits appear on page 75.

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GENE RAYMOND

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M-G-M's
Liveliest Musical Of The Year!
Three sailors on the loose in 'Frisco meet a night club singer, an actress and the Admiral's daughter!

NOW ***HEAR*** *THIS!*

"Hallelujah"
"More Than You Know"
"Why, Oh Why"
"I Know That You Know"
"Lucky Bird"
"A Kiss Or Two"
"Keepin' Myself For You"
"Sometimes I'm Happy"
and more big song hits!

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HIT THE DECK

WITH

KAY ARMEN · J. CARROL NAISH · RICHARD ANDERSON · JANE DARWELL · SONYA LEVIEN and WILLIAM LUDWIG

WRITTEN BY

Based On the Musical Play "HIT THE DECK" by HERBERT FIELDS • Presented On the Stage by VINCENT YOUMANS • From "SHORE LEAVE" by HUBERT OSBORNE

MUSIC BY

VINCENT YOUMANS · LEO ROBIN, CLIFFORD GREY and IRVING CAESAR · HERMES PAN · EASTMAN COLOR · ROY ROWLAND · JOE PASTERNAK

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An M-G-M PICTURE

M-G-M's MOTION PICTURE THEATRE CELEBRATION 1955 "There's more fun at the movies!"



Want a good group project this spring?

☐ *An off-beat treat* ☐ *Bird watching* ☐ *A Maypole party*

Posies 'n' candy are dandy—but ask the crowd: how about planning something *extra*, this Mother's Day? A really off-beat treat for their moms? Then pool your wits and wallets; throw a theatre party with the mothers as honored guests. They'll love it—this fun way of thanking them for being "the most," pal-wise! And wasn't it your mom, too, who taught you how to smile through *certain days?* Yes. She helped you choose *Kotex** for softness, safety you can trust . . . the complete *absorbency you need.*



At first glance, would you say she's a—

☐ *Gold digger* ☐ *Mixed up kid* ☐ *Shrinking violet*

She may be a razor at repartee, but in *clothes savvy* she's got her lines mixed. Example: that short flared coat calls for a stem-slim skirt, *not* the full-skirted style. Bone up on what fashion lines combine best. Just as you've learned that (at calendar time) *Kotex* and those *flat pressed ends* are your best insurance against revealing lines. And with Kotex, no "wrong side" mix-up! You can wear *this* napkin on either side, safely.



Can you shorten a lofty neck with—

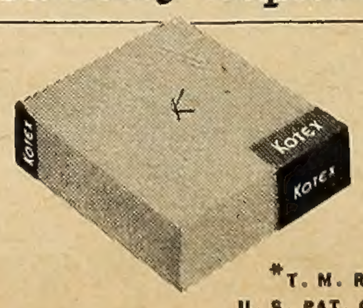
☐ *Drop earrings* ☐ *A poodle haircut* ☐ *V necklines*

Does *your* neck make you feel "tree top tall?" Dodge the earrings, hairdo, V necks mentioned above (all are wrong—to keep you guessing)! Wear button earbobs; tresses medium long. And chokers, turtle necklines—they're for you! Different girls have different needs—in grooming aids, and in sanitary protection. That's why Kotex provides *3 sizes.* Try Regular, Junior, Super; each has chafe-free softness; holds its shape.

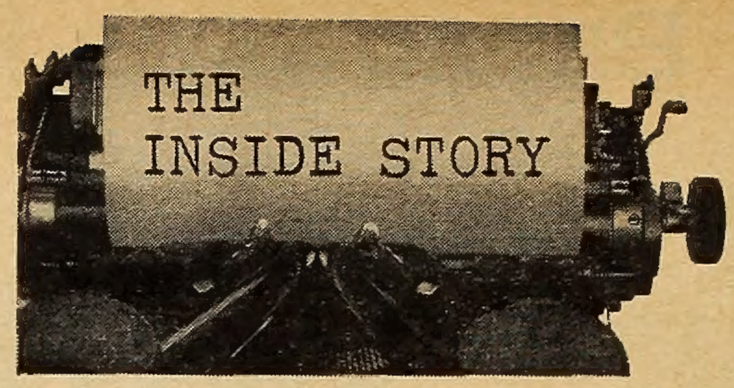
More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

P.S. When "that" day arrives for the first time, will *you* be prepared? Send today for the new *free booklet* "You're a Young Lady Now"! Written for girls 9 to 12, it tells all you need to know, *beforehand.* Easy-reading. Button-bright! Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 1045, Chicago 54, Illinois.





*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



(*Continued from page 2*)

Angeli, Ursula Thiess and Guy Madison's wife all expect babies this coming June? —D.L., PROVO, UTAH

A. *They all expect babies by the end of the summer, not necessarily in June.*

Q. I saw a photo in a local newspaper of Frank Sinatra and Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski. Is there anything to this romance? —V.M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A. *Frank Sinatra's romances usually live up to their publicity.*

Q. A friend told me that Greg Bautzer once served Audrey Meadows breakfast in bed. Did he?
—W.Y., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

A. *Mr. Bautzer, they say, had breakfast sent over from the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to Miss Meadows' apartment. He has always been extremely thoughtful of beautiful women.*

Q. I understand that Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain was shocked at *Beau Brummell.* Can you tell us why?
—C.R., CHICAGO, ILL.

A. *The picture depicted some of her ancestors in a most unfavorable light.*

Q. I've been told that Stewart Granger loves to argue about anything, that he loves to tell everyone how to run his business, that he fights with directors, and is generally difficult to get on with. Is this on the level?
—M.R., MONROE, N. C.

A. *Generally, yes. Granger is astute but strong-willed, charming but stubborn.*

Q. Can you tell me why Audrey Hepburn would prefer Mel Ferrer to James Hanson? —C.L., AKRON, OHIO

A. *For one thing, Hanson wanted Audrey to give up her career, a demand Ferrer would not be likely ever to make.*

Q. Is it true that Jess Barker was offered $100,000 to let Susan Hayward take their twins to Hong Kong when Susan was to work on location there with Clark Gable?
—R.Y., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. *Barker turned down the offer.*

Q. I understand that Joan Crawford withdrew her four adopted children from a private school and enrolled them in a Catholic institution. Is that true?
—V.L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

A. *Yes.*

A PICTURE WITH A DIFFERENT BEAT!

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ROBERT ROSSEN'S

MAMBO



Everything about it is different and exciting.
It's the rhythm-riddled story of an exciting girl . . . possessed by a wild craze.
It's the story of the men, the women, the music of the back streets of Venice.

Starring

SILVANA MANGANO · MICHAEL RENNIE · VITTORIO GASSMAN · SHELLEY WINTERS

with Katherine Dunham · A PONTI DE LAURENTIIS Production

A Paramount Picture · Directed by ROBERT ROSSEN

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Only Bobbi is specially designed to give the softly feminine wave needed for this new "Soft Talk" hairdo. No nightly settings necessary.



Soft, natural right from the start...that's the "Miss Manhattan" hairstyle after an easy Bobbi. A Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent is so easy, no help is needed.

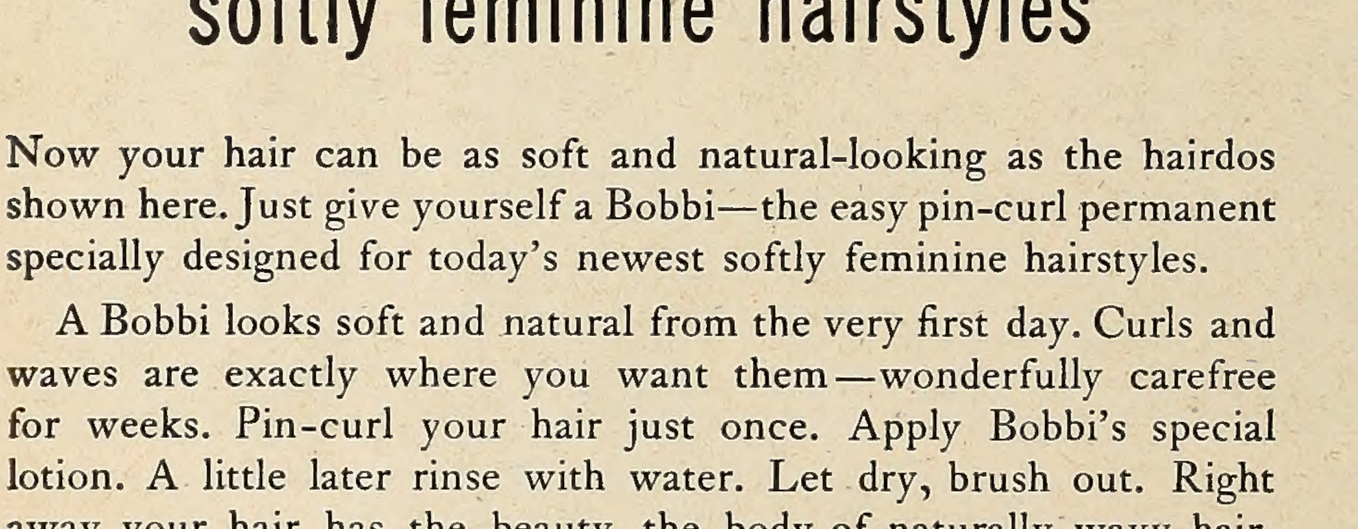
NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS HERE!

These hairdos were made with Bobbi— the special pin-curl permanent for softly feminine hairstyles

Now your hair can be as soft and natural-looking as the hairdos shown here. Just give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin-curl permanent specially designed for today's newest softly feminine hairstyles.

A Bobbi looks soft and natural from the very first day. Curls and waves are exactly where you want them—wonderfully carefree for weeks. Pin-curl your hair just once. Apply Bobbi's special lotion. A little later rinse with water. Let dry, brush out. Right away your hair has the beauty, the body of naturally wavy hair.

More women have had a Bobbi than any other pin-curl permanent. If you can make a simple pin-curl, you'll love a Bobbi.



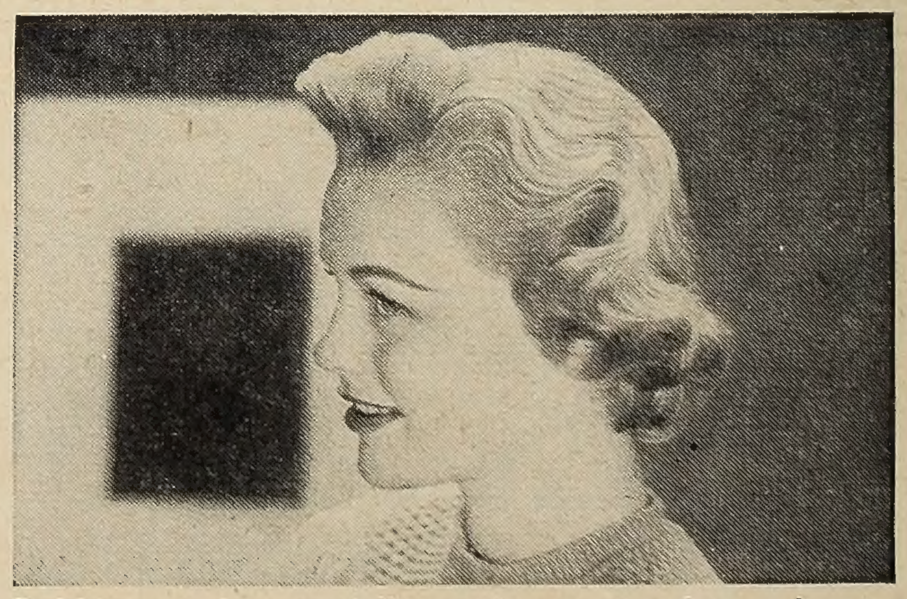
Just pin-curls and Bobbi. No separate neutralizer, no curlers, no resetting. Everything you need—New Creme Oil Lotion, special bobby pins. $1.50 plus tax.



With Bobbi you get waves exactly where you want them, the way you want them. Notice the easy, gentle look of this bewitching new "La Femme" hairdo.



Bobbi's soft curls make a natural, informal wave like this possible. A Bobbi gives you the kind of carefree curls needed for this gay "Satin Sweep" hairdo.



Bobbi is made especially to give young, free and easy hairstyles like this "Honeycomb" hairdo. And the curl is there to stay—in all kinds of weather.

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood





Sue and Alan gained a son when Dick Anderson and Carol Lee married!

IN THIS SECTION:

Good News
Wedding of the year
Jack Webb's marriage
A public hooray
I nominate Russ Tamblyn



The fabulous wedding Sue and Alan Ladd gave Carol Lee was the grand climax of a wonderful winter of Hollywood weddings.



Seven-year-old David Ladd was the ring-bearer, coming right after the bridesmaids, mostly Pi Beta Phi sorority sisters of Carol Lee's.



Then came eleven-year-old Alana, the maid of honor, in white like the other attendants. The groom's brother, Bob Anderson, was best man.



Then came the bride, so lovely in white silk, on the arm of her foster father, Alan Ladd. And I never saw a prouder, happier father!



The bride and groom left after midnight for a Palm Springs honeymoon. Sue cried when they left—she had been dry-eyed until then! "Say nice things about my son-in-law," Alan told me. "He's a fine actor." It's a pleasure, Alan, because Dick Anderson is a fine young man as well.



All Hollywood seemed to be at the Saturday night wedding. Jane Powell and Pat Nerney were there, still looking like newlyweds, too.



Cary Grant and Lana and Lex Barker had sent simply lovely gifts, by the way. (Alan kept calling the wedding presents "Carol Lee's loot!")

louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

THE WEDDING OF THE SEASON was, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful weddings ever held—and I'm sure the largest to be held in a private home. It was the breath-taking, all-in-white marriage of Carol Lee Ladd to Richard Anderson.

I wish I had the words to paint for you the scene of unbelievable beauty that greeted the guests stepping over the threshold of the Alan Ladd home in Holmby Hills.

The entire back garden was topped by a billowing green and white striped canopy to which were attached "walls" of cellophane. And the *flowers*! There must have been thousands of white blooms surrounding the candles which banked the altar and lighted the aisles. Across the swimming pool was a satin-covered bridge over which the bridal party walked.

Believe me, there was a sentimental tear in practically every eye of the 500 assembled guests when the music struck up "Here Comes The Bride." First came Carol Lee's lovely bridesmaids, all in white and carrying white bouquets; then came eleven-year-old Alana Ladd, the maid-of-honor (who just barely recovered from chicken pox in time to assume her duties), and back of Alana was David Ladd (a picture of sartorial splendor in white tie and tails—and himself just seven years old!) and the cutest little five-year-old I've ever seen—Bonnie Carstenson, the flower girl.

What a picture Carol Lee was when she appeared in the doorway on the arm of Alan Ladd. He was so proud of her he was all but busting his buttons. The lovely, blonde bride wore a gown of white Italian raw silk with mandarin collar and cuffs trimmed with tiny seed pearls and a huge veil of white tulle.

I found my gaze going back, time after time, to Sue Carol Ladd, the lovely mother of Carol Lee. Never in years have I seen Sue look so lovely. She had lost twenty pounds (she later told me) and she was a vision of dark-eyed loveliness in her soft champagne lace dress.

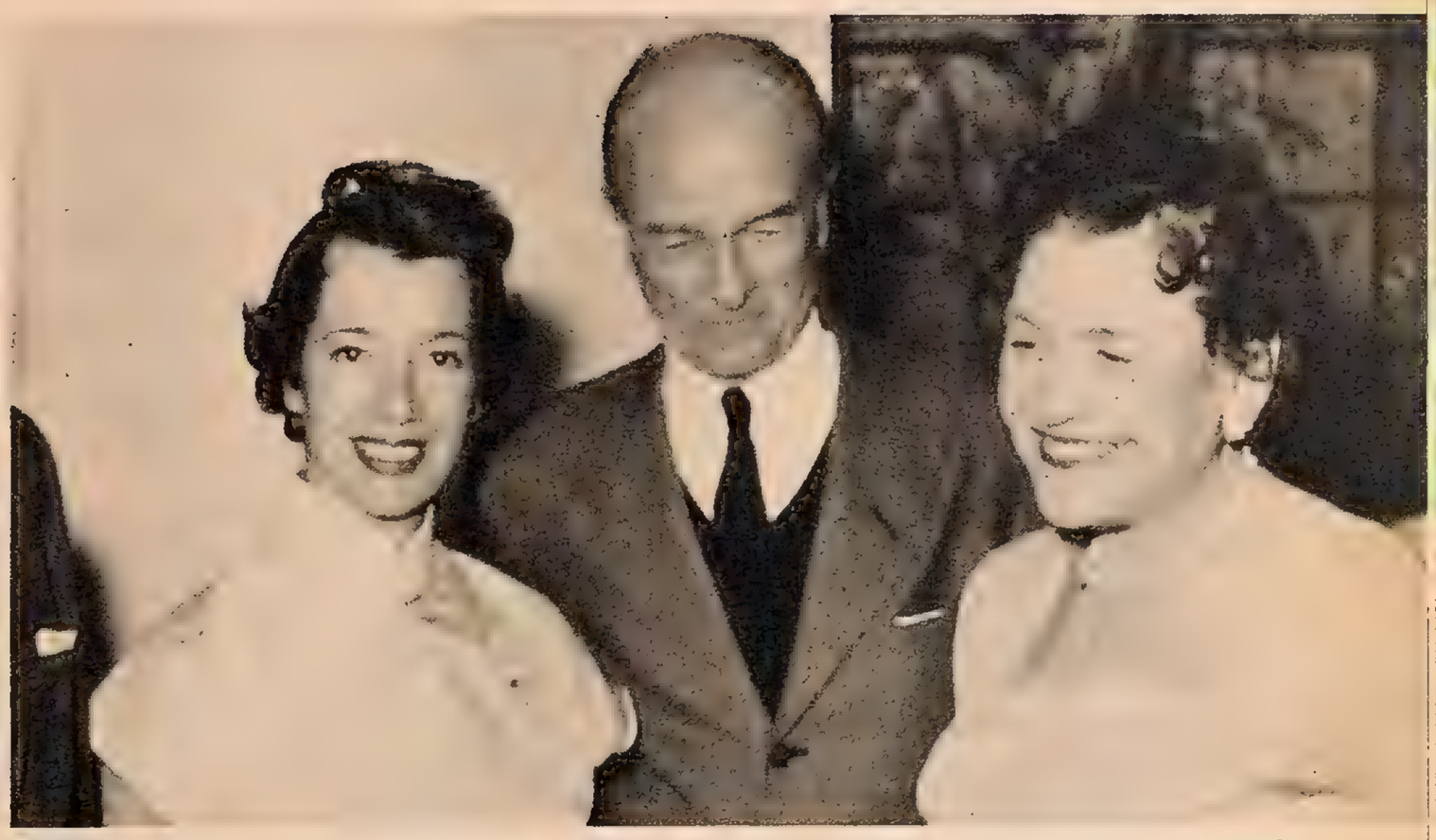
It seemed no more than five minutes after the ceremony was over that a small horde of white-jacketed waiters had completely changed the "church setting" of the garden into a wonderful nightclub scene.

As the band struck up, I saw the good-looking groom sweep the bride into his arms and onto the dance floor and they were soon followed by Cary Grant (one of the ushers and certainly one of the handsomest men I've ever seen) dancing with one of the bridesmaids.

Others in the whirling crowd of dancers were Jane Powell and Pat Nerney, themselves newlyweds; Frances and Van Heflin, Jack Benny and Mary, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Wagner, Jack Warner, Adolph Zukor (yes, this eighty-year-old lifelong friend of the Ladds took a twirl or two with a bridesmaid). There was Mona Freeman with Dr. Al Meitus and June Allyson (in black net over white) with Dick Powell.

You'll never guess where I ran into Lana Turner and Lex Barker—in the "ladies'" room, if you please, with Lana standing guard at the door for Lex. "We couldn't find the men's room," she laughed.

Later, I offered to drive the Barkers home. They were leaving about the same time we were. But they declined. "We live just a door or so away," Lana explained, as she walked



I had a wonderful time at the lavish party Lily Pons gave at The Doll House in Palm Springs. This tiny opera singer has always been a favorite of mine and I do wish she would make more movies. The gentleman with us was Harold Grieve, the decorator.



The party was filled to overflowing with Hollywood people—and it seemed as if most of them were musical. I never heard anything so funny as Lily, Danny Kaye and Desi Arnaz harmonizing—and you should have heard Lucy Ball laughing and applauding.





I nominate for stardom: RUSS TAMBLYN

■ He looks about as much like a movie star as Dennis, the Menace. Yet, when MGM's musical *Hit The Deck* is released, his name will be in letters as big as Debbie Reynolds'.

Not yet old enough to vote, with a smile as wide as a Halloween pumpkin's, a frame as skinny as Frank Sinatra's, and a tendency to turn a somersault in the middle of the most casual conversation, Russ literally tumbled into a career at the age of five.

It was at this tender age, while impatiently waiting for a Saturday matinee to start at the Granada Theatre in Los Angeles (his birthplace) that Russ got up on the stage and did a dance that brought down the house. He's been a "pro" ever since.

All during his grade school and high school days, he was a championship tumbler, which accounts for his current nickname, "Tumblin' Tamblyn."

During his childhood he played bits and then featured roles in the movies and in local stage presentations.

But he didn't make the big time until *Take The High Ground*. Later, *Seven Brides For Seven Brothers* set Hollywood producers and the movie fans a-talking about this youngster with the fresh, zestful personality.

He may not be a Tony Curtis or a Rock Hudson for looks, but my money says Russ has what it takes to get to the top and stay there.

off with Lex holding up her long gown over the cobblestones. It was simply amazing to me—and to everyone I talked with—that Carol Lee, with all she had on her mind, could thank everyone she greeted in the receiving line for the correct gift!

Before I left, I noticed a tall, distinguished man standing quietly in a corner with his wife. It was Dr. Joe Harris. He had brought Carol Lee into the world—and he looked like a proud and happy man.

It will be a long time before Hollywood again sees such an elaborate home wedding so perfectly appointed—or one which inspired more real sentiment and good wishes toward two such fine young people.

THE MORE OF DORIS DAY I see, the more I wonder how she ever happened to be splashed with the title of "1954's least cooperative actress," by the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

I dined recently with Doris and Marty Melcher at Chasen's, popular hangout for the movie crowd, and I've never seen a more relaxed, better-natured gal than Doris. She even got a kick out of the other movie stars present.

If she was ill, worried and nervous last year (which she was) she refuses to use that as an alibi. She isn't making any alibis. I know she was hurt. But she isn't crying on my shoulder or anyone else's.

Certainly, what happened hasn't affected her appetite. Man and girl! You should have seen Doris tie into her big steak, potatoes, salad and dessert.

"I even eat steak sometimes for breakfast," she said, when she noticed I was all but open-mouthed over her healthy appetite. I'm used to dining with figure-conscious lady stars who just push food around their plates in the battle to keep their twenty-three-inch waistlines.

One thing Doris *did* want to straighten out was the rumor that she and her studio boss, Jack Warner, are at odds.

"He is one of the most sympathetic men I know," she said. "He let me keep every nickel of my salary on loanout to MGM to make *Love Me Or Leave Me* and believe me, very few producers do that."

HOLLYWOOD WORE ITS HEART on its sleeve at the nightclub opening of Sammy Davis, Jr., at Ciro's. I've covered nightclub openings in my time but never one to compare with this astoundingly talented young entertainer's first appearance since he lost his eye in an automobile accident.

And, in appreciation, this boy Sammy knocked himself out for two solid hours showing the brilliant first-nighters just how much he loved them.

Who was there? Better ask who wasn't.

Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Judy with tears in her eyes. June Allyson, who dislikes nightclubs, was still there with Dick Powell until long after the two o'clock closing.

Sophisticated Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart applauded and applauded. So did Donna Reed and Tony Owen, Dan Dailey and Gwen O'Connor (not yet married), Dolores Gray, Dorothy Dandridge, Liberace, Julie London Webb. Few entertainers have ever played to such a house.

Vic Damone's Cocoanut Grove opening was a huge success.



Liz Taylor attended stag. She said Mike was home baby-sitting; others said he wasn't feeling well.



Danny Thomas and his wife were celebrating their eighteenth anniversary. What a wonderful couple!



Pier rushed up to kiss Vic after his last bow. No quarrels that night!

The underwater prémiere of Underwater was certainly different!



In Florida for it, Lori Nelson and Mala Powers escorted film's co-star, Dick Egan, to the pool.



Down went Dick and Jane Russell, wearing Aqua Lungs. The press went down too, also in Lungs.



There the press watched the film—or just watched Dick and Jane.

Sammy Davis, Jr.'s, opening was a heart-warming affair.



Judy Garland and Bogie clapped loudest. Sammy was great—his first show since losing his eye.



Dan Dailey and Gwen gave no hint they were about to wed in Las Vegas—they themselves didn't know.



"Old married couple" June Allyson and Dick Powell stayed late.



Jack Webb and Dorothy Towne had a very small—but



One of the things that made this wedding so "different" was that the bridegroom wasn't the least bit nervous . . . though he was a little forgetful about some details. A unique idea was Dorothy's carrying just one rose as her bridal bouquet—for very sentimental reasons, I might add.



Judge Henry Burman conducted the ceremony, with screen writer Richard Breene and Dorothy's friend, Jacaucline Tomblin, as attendants.



The really amazing thing was the huge cake—it was eight feet tall (Jack and Dot stood on a stool to cut it), decorated in a Dragnet *motif!*

Among the romantic couples, I spotted Anna Maria Alberghetti with Ben Cooper and Jon Hall with Linda Danson. I wouldn't be surprised if these two become one in the near future.

Jeff Chandler, who introduced Sammy, was with Betty Abbott, the script girl who was formerly Rock Hudson's big moment. But Jeff's dates usually aren't too serious.

LEAVE IT TO EVE ARDEN to come up with the pithy reply.

A writer for one of the national magazines catering to women readers was recently interviewing Our Mrs. Brooks (West).

"Tell me," asked the scribe, "is there any difference of feeling you'd like to mention in your attitude toward your own baby as against your adopted children."

"Yep," cracked Eve, "I felt labor pains with my own."

I can't think of any star in the history of Hollywood who has ever turned down as many scripts as Grace Kelly has at MGM—three so far—and the lady gets away with it! The blonde lady who won the New York critics award as the best actress of 1954 in *The Country Girl* apparently can call her shots where her studio is concerned.

Even Marilyn Monroe was suspended for turning down one picture, *How To Be Very, Very Popular*, at 20th.

All I ask is, what's Grace got (except talent)?

IF BRIDEGROOM JACK WEBB doesn't win all honors as the *least* nervous bridegroom in the world, he'll do until another champion of calm comes along.

The morning Sergeant Friday married blonde Dorothy Towne in a suite at the Ambassador East in Chicago, he took an hour off and gave an interview to two high school reporters from a nearby school! I ask you!

One of the questions the girls asked was, "Why are you getting married again?"

His answer: "Because I'm lonely. I've found wonderful companionship in the lovely lady who has promised to be my wife."

The high school gals came up with, "Will you see your children as often, now that they have a stepmother?"

Replied the about-to-be bridegroom, "I'll probably see more of them because I expect to have a real home for them to visit."

During this time, Jack was told that the wedding cake (which featured little dolls dressed in *Dragnet* trench coats) was so big it couldn't be brought through the door. Some icing had tumbled off.

"Slice off that part," ordered the poised Mr. Webb, "and give it to these young ladies—with my compliments."

Well, I never.

More about the Towne-Webb wedding: An hour after Jack and Dorothy said their "I do's" in Chicago, Jack was on the telephone from Chicago to tell me he was the luckiest and happiest man in the world.

I asked him what his bride was wearing.

There was a pause, "Hmmmm—I don't know. But she looks lovely," came the solid reply. "Oh, yeah—for a bridal bouquet she carried a single red rose. That's different, isn't it?"

I told him it was indeed so different that it might start a trend.

"Was the single rose for sentimental reasons?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, I guess so," replied Sergeant Friday who surprisingly wasn't at all sure of his facts, Ma'am, on this occasion. "Dorothy says the first time I sent her flowers, it was a single rose."

unusual—wedding in Chicago.



Jimmy Hart, who gave the reception at his suite in the Ambassador Hotel, provided a loving cup that held eight quarts of champagne!



The wedding luncheon took place in the famous Pump Room. James Hart, by the way, is president of Chicago's Ambassador Hotels.

And Dorothy had to *remind* him? That's a man for you. Or I should say, that's a bridegroom for you.

MY TELEPHONE RANG one morning (what am I saying? It rings a thousand times a morning—but this was special, as you shall see).

A soft voice said, "Louella? This is Marilyn."

Well, well, well, I thought to myself. If you ask me, it had been a good year since I had heard from my blonde girl friend. To say that a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since then is the understated cliché of the season.

At this very moment the newspaper on my desk was carrying my front-page story of Marilyn's suspension from 20th Century-Fox for refusing to report for *How To Be Very, Very Popular.*

And for the last ten days, I had been writing all the firecracker news about Marilyn's forming her own Marilyn Monroe Productions Company, etc., etc., etc.—until I thought there would never be an end to the excitement she was stirring up.

I said, "Well, this *is* a surprise. I had

I'm on my soap-box: for a public Hooray!

■ This month, I'm here not to chide, but to say a Hooray for two people who have won my great respect and admiration.

I mean Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell.

Four years ago, I wouldn't have given you a plugged or unplugged nickel for their chances to preserve a very shaky marriage.

At that time, Glenn went to Europe for a year to make two pictures and with him he took his *mother!* Ellie and their little boy remained at home in Hollywood.

I know for a fact that Eleanor was practically on the verge of a nervous breakdown during the long months of Glenn's absence. When he returned, things were no better. They separated temporarily, and Ellie was a sobbing, hysterical girl when she verified the news to me.

But somehow, some way, a miracle happened. They decided to try again, and suddenly the Fords were closer than they'd ever been. It was as though a new light was shining on their love, a light of blessing.

Ellie found a new career in Sunday School programs on TV. And Glenn made a statement that *no* role, no matter how important, would ever again take him away from his family.

By way of proving it, he refused to star in *The Gentle Wolfhound* because it would take him to Tokyo and away from his family.

Again, I say, Hooray for the Fords, a couple who prayed together—and stayed together.





the letter box

(MRS.) MARY LOU KREINDLER has a gripe she'd like to air: "I truly wish Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Rory Calhoun and Robert Wagner would *run*, not walk, to the nearest barbershop. Don't tell me they have to wear those flowing locks for their roles. Bill Holden, Ray Milland, Humphrey Bogart, Van Johnson are stars, too, and they don't go in for those awful boyish bobs!" *No comment.*

All the way from Frankfurt, Germany, CPL. THORNTON THORPE sends in a plug for Lizabeth Scott and calls her "the most neglected screen star in Hollywood."



ELINOR SUTTY, Hudson, New York, says, "This is a picture of my niece, Susan Lynn Yasinski, enjoying your column. At three months, I think she is one of your youngest fans." *Not only one of my youngest fans. Certainly one of my cutest!*

MRS. MARIE DAVIS, Minneapolis, Minnesota, sends *ten* postcards chiding me for not writing more about Van Johnson. *Van is one of my very favorite persons, Mrs. D., and I can't agree with you that I ignore him in this column.*

From Sandpoint, Idaho, NORANNE LE BETE writes: "I was very impressed when I saw newcomer Race Gentry in *Black Horse Canyon*. He is a good actor, but he must take coaching in his diction. Many of his lines were lost by his mumbling." *Are you listening, Race?*

thought we were good friends, but it's been a long, long time since I've heard from you, Marilyn."

"That's why I'm calling now," the soft voice went on. "May I come over and see you?"

I said she could come around five o'clock that same afternoon, and unbelievable as it may sound, she was on time (I hadn't expected her until around six. She's usually an hour late).

If I had felt a bit of pique at this girl who has become world-wide news since the days when I first knew her, when she was the love of agent Johnny's Hyde's life, and was striving so hard for a career, it melted when I saw her.

She was wearing a black suit, a favorite off-screen costume with Marilyn, and we hadn't talked five minutes before she seemed as appealing—and somehow helpless—as she was in those other days.

"I have never forgotten that you are the first friend of the press I had in Hollywood," she said with real sincerity. "You believed in me when few others did and you were always honest with me, even to talking to me about my clothes—which were all wrong," she smiled.

"I had begun to believe you had forgotten all that, Marilyn," I put in.

"I've never forgotten and I never will," she said quickly. "That's why I'm here. I want your friendship and your advice."

"You have my friendship," I assured her, "but isn't advice a little late? You seem to have made your own decisions and put yourself in the hands of strangers." I was referring to magazine photographer Milton Greene and a New York attorney who are the guiding lights of the new M.M. company.

Suddenly, she blurted out, "Please let me tell you *why* I formed my own company, seemingly so quickly. I am not angry with 20th Century-Fox. I believe *The Seven Year Itch* is the best picture of my career. But I have such a deep fear of not managing my business properly and of being alone—*and broke*—when I am older. I've known too much insecurity in my life not to want above all else, *real* security against the day when they don't want me any more."

There wasn't too much I could tell her, because what is done is *done*.

But I had one last word for this most publicized girl in the world. "Marilyn," I said, "go to Joseph Schenck and abide by what he says. He is one of the wisest men in the industry—and one of the greatest friends you'll ever have."

The next morning she *did* see Joe. The next afternoon she was suspended by her studio. I wonder how much this girl—who so desperately needs *good* advice—listened to this man who always knows best where Hollywood is concerned.

PERSONAL OPINIONS: That very popular male star (supposedly very happily married) and the equally popular femme star (also married and "happy") are putting so much ardor into their movie love-making, it's attracting attention. Watch your step, you two.

No one gets more "second chances" than Robert Mitchum. After he was fired from *Blood Alley* for his horseplay antics, the talk started that he was just as incorrigible and difficult while making *Not As A Stranger* for Stanley Kramer. So what does Kramer do? He pays for a big ad in the trade papers telling the world that Bob was a lamb—which I have some reason to doubt.

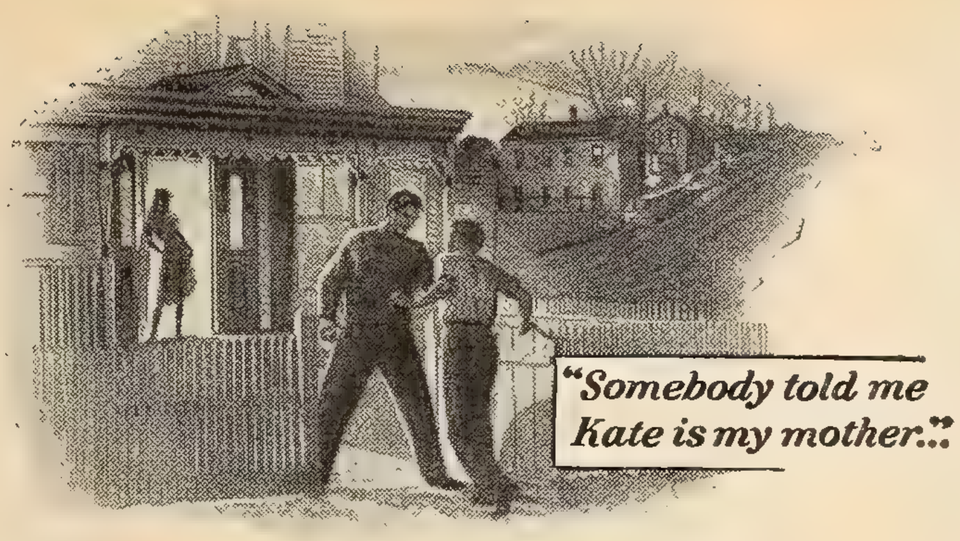
A happy marriage has changed Vera-Ellen more than any star I know. Vera, who used to think, talk and live nothing but her career is so glowing in love with Vic Rothschild, she doesn't even care what her next picture is, or if there *is* one.

Bing Crosby's painful kidney stone attacks alarmed his family—and me. I love this guy.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!



Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio have been spending so much time together in the east—including long visits with Joe's relatives—that people are beginning to talk about a quick reconciliation. Marilyn says, "There's nothing immediate"—but they certainly do look happy together.

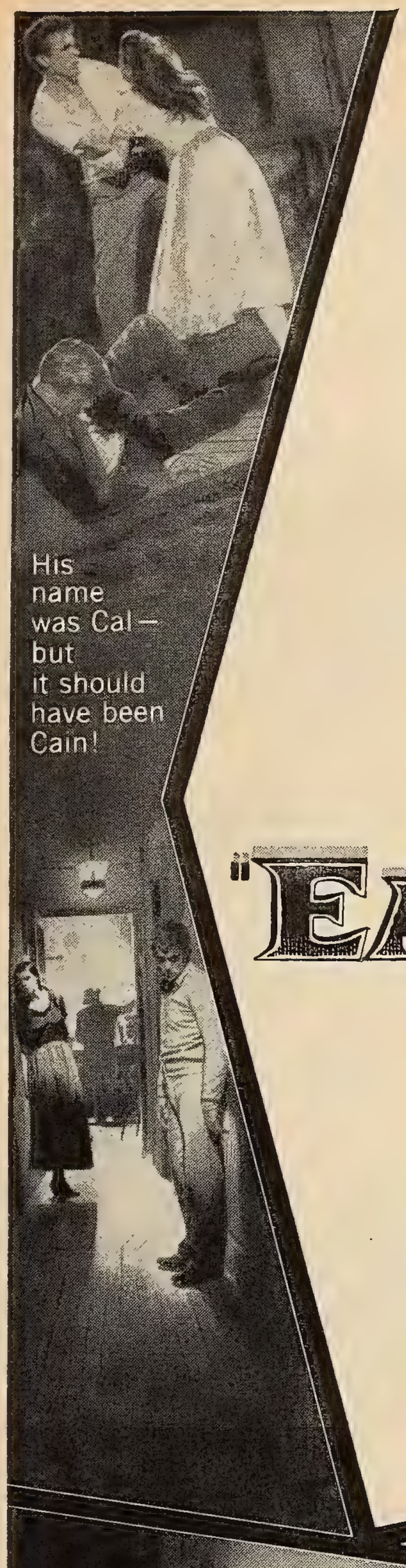


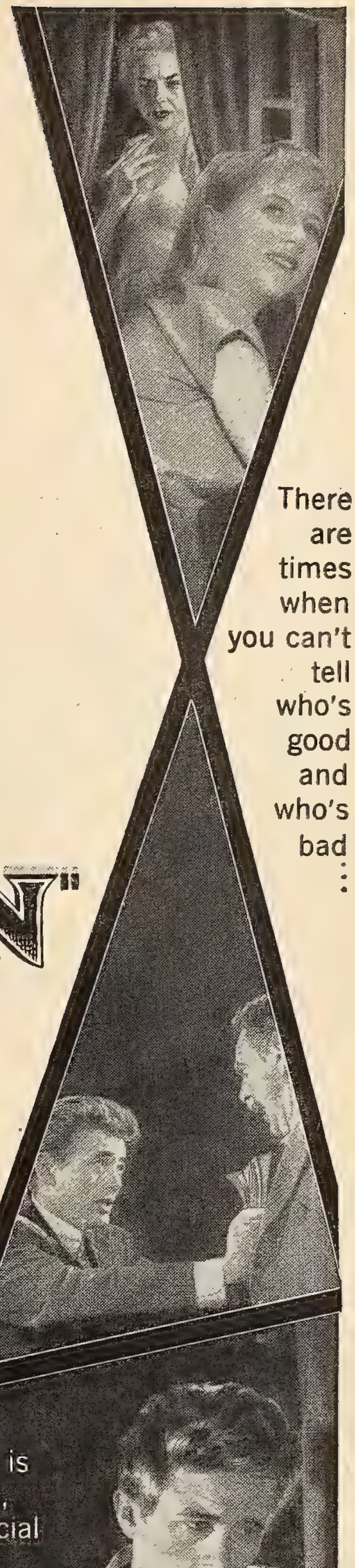
OF WHAT A GIRL DID–
OF WHAT A BOY DID – OF HURT
AND EXCITEMENT–
OF ECSTASY AND REVENGE...

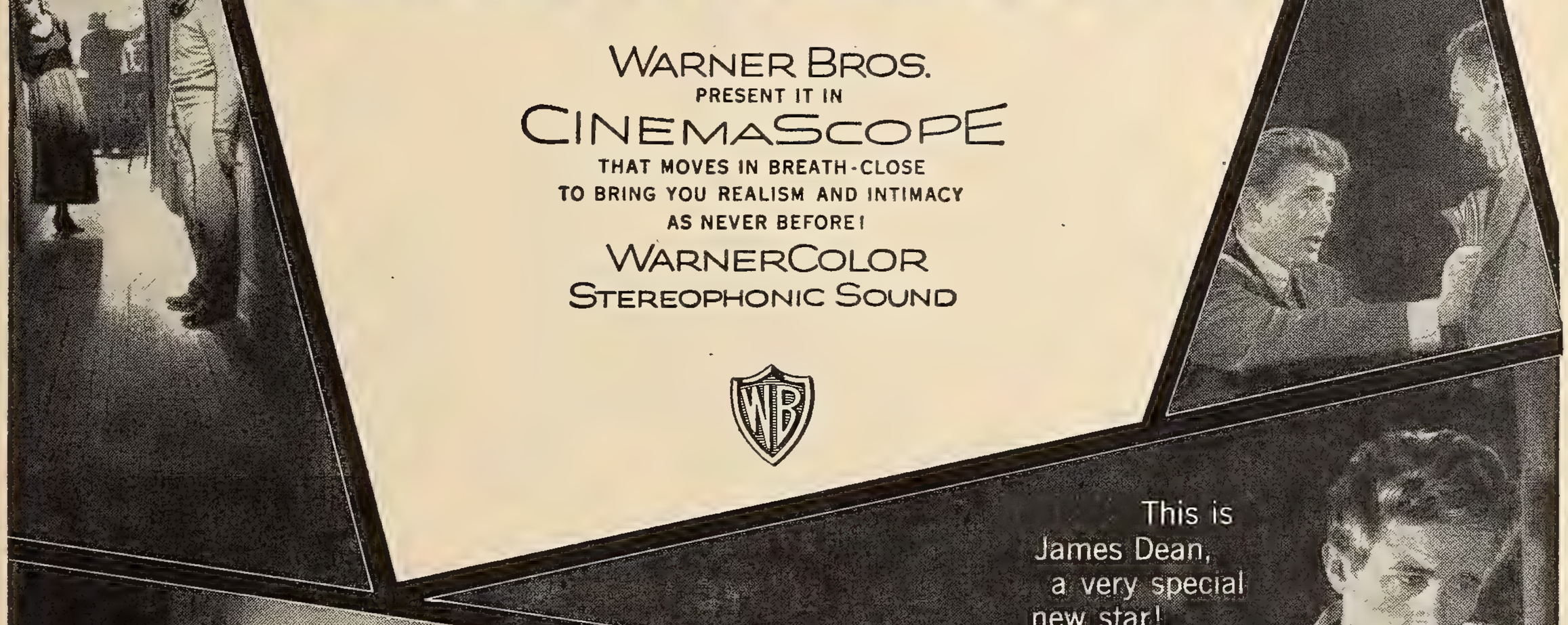
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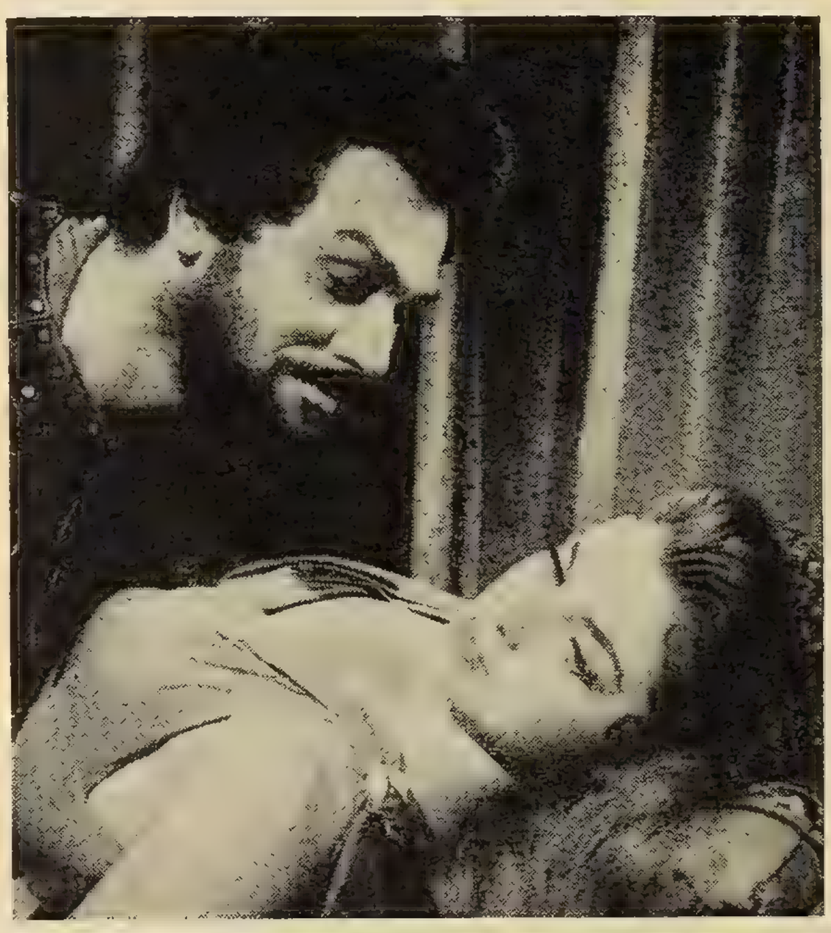


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NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein





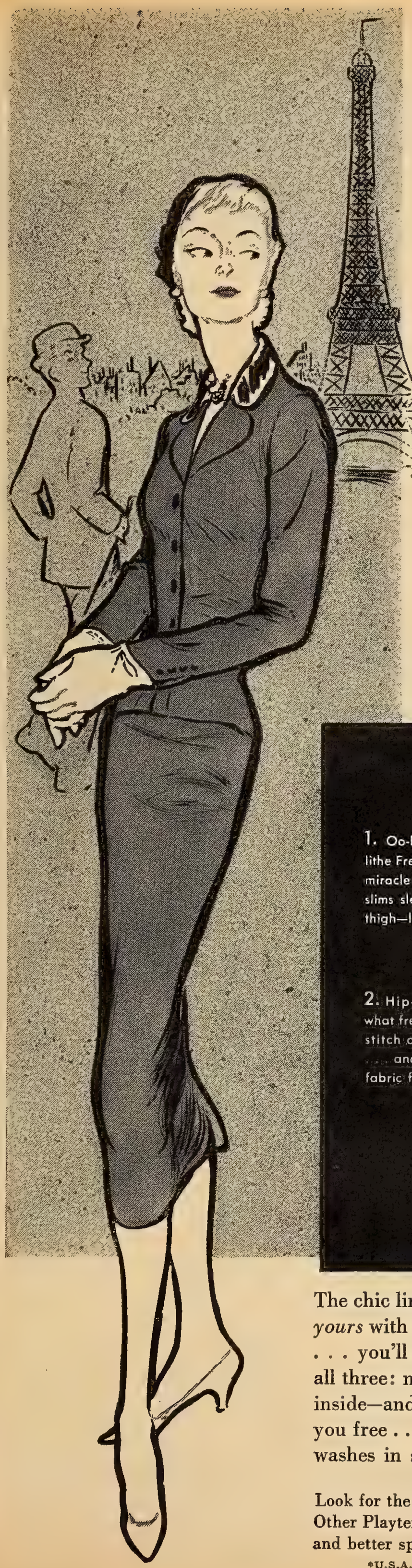
Using Hannibal's (Howard Keel's) description of how to make war as a guide, Amytis (Esther Williams) almost keeps him from conquering Rome....



while Meta (Marge Champion), Amytis' slave, has about the same effect on Hannibal's soldier Varius (Gower Champion).

Picture of the Month: JUPITER'S DARLING

■ Sometime after Hannibal crossed the Alps with all those elephants, he met Esther Williams, presumably on the road to Rome. History generally being muddled, MGM has left the facts to the historians and concentrated on a delightful fantasy. For seven years, Esther has been engaged to the Roman Emperor (George Sanders), a mama's boy who is somewhat appalled by Esther's frequent immersion in water (they stayed away from water, even baths, in those days) and by her independent spirit. When Esther hears that the barbarous, bearded Hannibal (Howard Keel) is preparing to attack Rome she can barely conceal her delight, runs out with slave Marge Champion to have a look at his camp. Keel has a look or two at Esther and forgets war entirely—much to the consternation of his wild followers (kept in line by William Demarest). Love proves to be even rockier than the Alps to Keel and when he learns Esther's identity he turns on her. But not for long. There are beautiful underwater scenes; some funny ones on dry land. With Gower Champion, Richard Haydn. CinemaScope and Technicolor—MGM (*Continued on page 20*)



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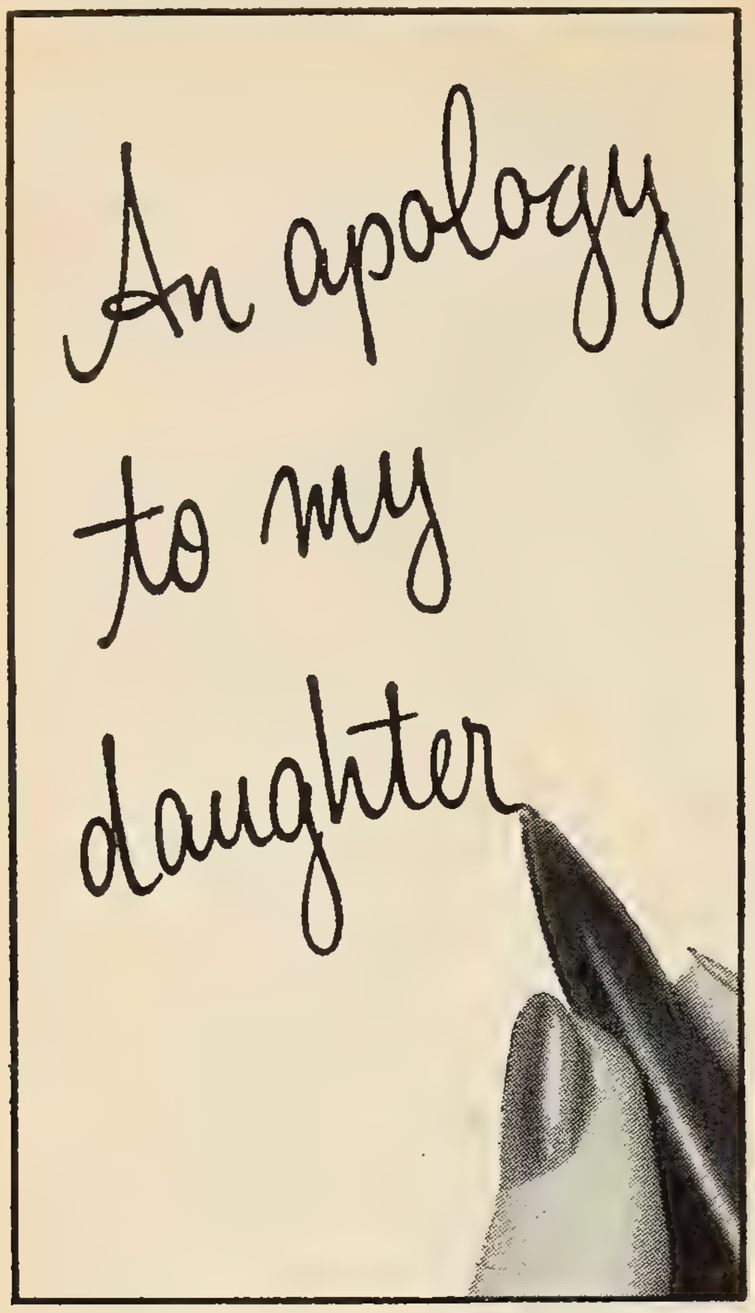
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The model in the photograph has on this exciting bra for the high, round look Paris loves—*you* will, too! And it's "custom-contoured" for perfect fit! Only $3.95

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"I may not ever tell you this in so many words (we parents are die-hards, you know), but in my heart I'm asking you to forgive me for doubting your maturity, your wisdom, your discrimination.

"Too often when you've brought me some new discovery of yours with enthusiasm and eagerness, I'm afraid I've treated you like a child. By leaning so heavily on 'mother knows best,' I've failed to realize there may be times when daughter knows best.

"I haven't been sympathetic about your interest in Tampax. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't even listen to you. And of course, it *would* take an outsider to set me straight . . . our next-door neighbor.

"I happened to be over there when Mary's daughter came in and asked if she could borrow some of 'mother's Tampax.' That was a surprise—both of them using it! Well, I started talking to Mary about sanitary protection and found out lots of things I'd refused to listen to before.

"First of all, Tampax was invented by a doctor. That was assurance enough for me! And then I just had to concede that internal sanitary protection does have a lot of advantages over the other kind. Being so easy to dispose of, for example. And preventing odor from forming. No chafing, no irritation—that must be wonderful! Then, too, I hadn't realized that you can wear it in the bath.

"What I'm conceding most of all, however, is this: *there are lots of decisions a girl or a woman must make for herself.* The Tampax decision is one of them."

Tampax is on sale at drug or notion counters. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



A LIFE IN THE BALANCE Somewhere in this modern Mexican city is a homicidal maniac who has sent six lovely young women to their final rest. The cops don't know it but this maniac (Lee Marvin) is wearing sneakers and a tattered overcoat. They pick on Ricardo Montalban, an emotional, unemployed musician who lives with his adoring ten-year-old son Paco (Jose Perez). A couple of neighbors want to adopt Paco and are only too anxious to confirm suspicions about Montalban. But Paco has witnessed the latest killing from a rooftop and follows Marvin through the city, until Marvin catches him. While Montalban is sweating it out at police headquarters with new-found friend Anne Bancroft, Marvin is torn between killing Paco and wrenching a pledge of eternal brotherhood from him. Paco keeps breaking police alarm boxes with his slingshot and detective Rudolfo Acosta leads an exciting chase—20th-Fox



NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL This is New York, the wonder city? That's what they say. They also say any resemblance to people living or dead is hardly coincidental. I'm relieved to report that by the time this movie is over almost everybody is dead. Broderick Crawford, Syndicate leader, starts things off with a bang—hires Richard Conte to murder a member who has pushed the Syndicate into undesirable limelight. Conte knocks off four for the price of one and comes home smiling. Crawford's daughter, Anne Bancroft, can't stand the life Dad's leading. Marilyn Maxwell, Dad's girl, likes it too well. Big crisis comes when a Washington lobbyist double-crosses the Syndicate to the tune of ten million bucks. Conte volunteers to liquidate said lobbyist but three other guys go and louse up the job. So Conte liquidates those. Only person he can't bring himself to kill is himself. Someone else obliges.—Warners.



CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT In 1815, any Irishman worth his whisky was writhing under the yoke of English rule. Rock Hudson belonged to a gently writhing society in his little town but had to hightail it for Dublin after robbing too brazenly for The Cause. In Dublin there is Captain Thunderbolt (Jeff Morrow) Ireland's greatest rebel and, from the look of things, its greatest highwayman as well. He owns a lavish gambling house, several people in high places and a headstrong daughter (Barbara Rush). Dubbed Captain Lightfoot, Rock is transformed from a country bumpkin into a gentleman of affairs confident enough to puff on a cigar at a duel. Thunderbolt grooms him to follow in his own footsteps—which lead shortly to a prison cell in Dublin Castle. In an attempt to free him, Hudson gets himself locked up and a noose hangs high. There are all sorts of romantic, tricky goings-on against the lush charm of Ireland. Technicolor—U.I.



BATTLE TAXI To a former jet pilot (Arthur Franz), flying helicopters to the aid of his countrymen is nothing short of laughable. Captain Sterling Hayden resents this attitude and swears he'll make a "chopper" pilot out of Franz if it kills them both. Since they are stationed in Korea, talk of death isn't idle gossip. Franz's trouble is he flies his helicopter as if it were equipped with unlimited fuel and several bomb bays—he even feints at enemy tanks to draw their fire away from infantrymen. This is not only dangerous but there aren't enough helicopters around to waste that way. Franz eventually learns that there are all kinds of heroism in war—some not so flashy as others. Basically, *Battle Taxi* is a tribute—occasionally a thrilling one—to the men who man the helicopters, performing unheralded feats of bravery as they rescue flyers who have been shot down over land and sea.—U.A.



WOMEN'S PRISON If you're planning a crime, or if you're accident-prone or even if you just think you have problems, this picture will cure you. Those female cons have it hard. Ida Lupino keeps putting them into strait jackets, kicking them when they're down (on the floor in her office) and behaving with such carefree, punitive abandon as to stagger prison doctor Howard Duff. Howard is always threatening to resign, although what benefit his patients will derive from that is hard to figure. Among the cloistered females are Jan Sterling, unrepentant forger; Phyllis Thaxter, menace on the highway and Audrey Totter who seems to be serving time mainly because her husband, Warren Stevens, is imprisoned next door. Things come to a pretty pass when Stevens sneaks into women's territory to visit Audrey. Her consequent plans for motherhood drive Ida Lupino right out of what's left of her mind.—Col.

A FUNNY THING JUST HAPPENED . . .

When we looked over last month's movie reviews to decide which ones we recommend especially, we found that there wasn't one single one we wanted to leave out! Every film we had seen that month was tops for acting, story, intelligence—and sheer all-round entertainment. (Check your own March issue—you'll see what we mean!) And going back over this entire year, we realized that this has been happening more and more often.

Why? For one thing, because movies are more lavish than ever! That's right—more money is being spent on movies than ever before—and spent intelligently. CinemaScope, Warnerscope, 3-D—all the new technical advances—cost money, but they're very well worth it. The new dimensions are here to stay.

And also here to stay is the new, more-painstaking-than-ever attitude of movie makers, bringing you top talent in great stories almost every time. Which is why you'll find more entertainment value at your movie theatre than at any other place on earth!



You feel so very sure of yourself . . . after a WHITE RAIN *Shampoo!*

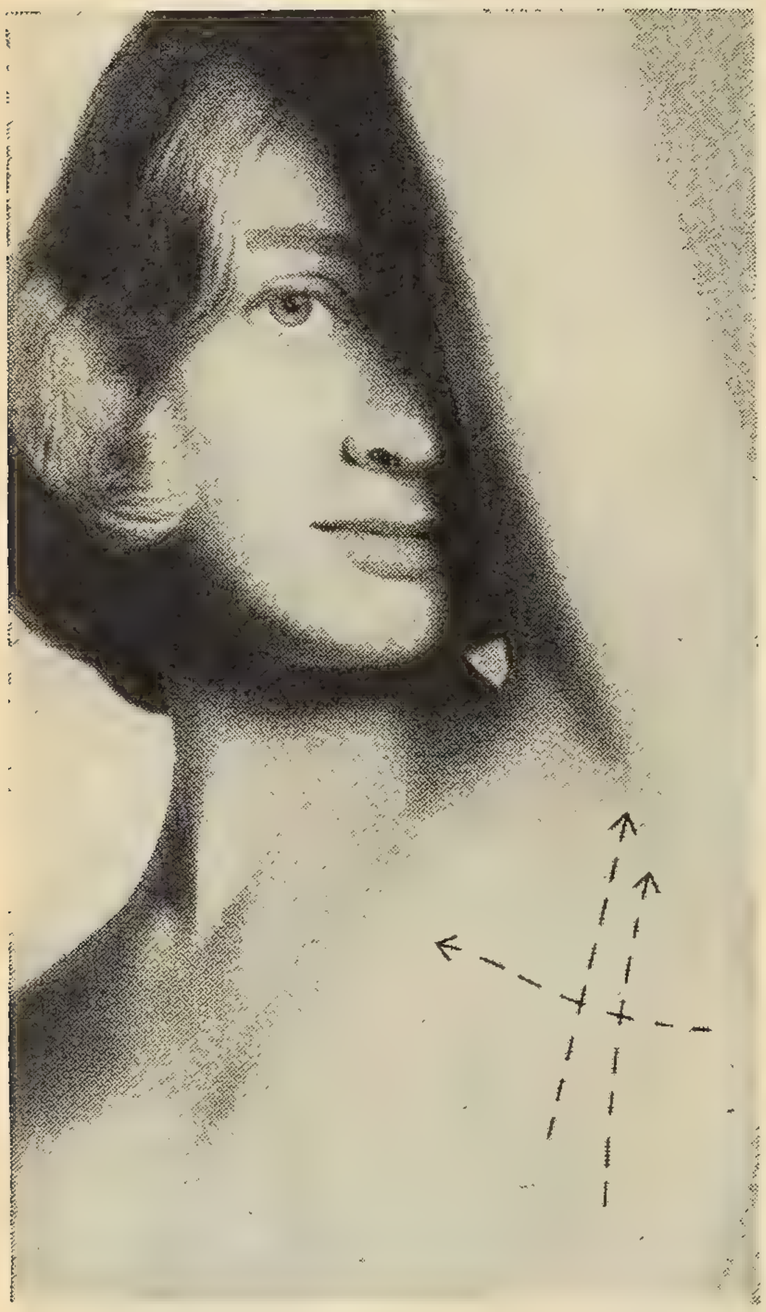
You're confident you look your loveliest . . . your hair soft as a cloud . . . sunshine bright . . . every shimmering strand in place. That's the glorious feeling you have after using White Rain, the lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rainwater. Try it and see how wonderful you feel.

Use New WHITE RAIN *Shampoo tonight and tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!*



FABULOUS LOTION SHAMPOO BY TONI

How you can stop odor, check moisture...



with Tussy ...the instant Deodorant

Instantly checks perspiration moisture. *Instantly* stops odor and keeps it stopped 24 hours or longer . . . even through the hottest day!

Follow arrows for daintiness plus. Blend Tussy Cream Deodorant into the skin, moving up, then out to the sides. It's a cosmetic, made with face cream . . . smooths the skin.



Won't fade out! You can't become immune to its effects. Each time you use it . . . it protects you. Safe for normal skin and fabrics. 50¢ & $1.



When you travel, carry a Tussy Stick Deodorant. Easy to use any place. Only $1. prices plus tax



INTERRUPTED MELODY There's drama enough in the story of any artist's rise to international fame, and that drama is magnified when nature, in its indiscriminate way, cuts down the performer at the peak of his powers. So the story of Marjorie Lawrence, who left her native Australia to become an opera star—first in Paris, later all over the world and finally at the Met—should derive great poignance from the fact that she was stricken by polio which threatened to end not only her career but her life. Curiously enough, the impact is never really felt. Not even when Miss Lawrence (played by Eleanor Parker) and her doctor husband (Glenn Ford) are reduced to almost animal cries of heartbreak and despair in one climactic scene of this movie. And her comeback, heroic and glorious as it actually was, does not seem to come alive. However, *Interrupted Melody* should be a treat for opera fans. Technicolor—MGM



PRINCE OF PLAYERS A best-selling novel about the bombastic, slightly mad, intensely alive Booth family who lorded it over the American stage in the 19th century is the basis for this film. Moss Hart wrote the screenplay. Richard Burton as Edwin Booth, *Prince Of Players,* makes it sparkle with lusty readings of Shakespeare. It's his story, but it starts when he and his brother John Wilkes Booth (John Derek) are boys and their father (Raymond Massey) is the greatest, if generally the drunkest, Shakespearean actor alive. John Wilkes expects to inherit his mantle, but it's Edwin who does. Wilkes leaves his mark by assassinating Lincoln. Edwin marries a young actress (Maggie McNamara) whose faith in him fends off the fears that he has inherited his father's madness. With Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Sellars, Eva Le Gallienne, Christopher Cook. CinemaScope, Technicolor—20th-Fox



SMOKE SIGNAL Here we are, right in the middle of Ute Indian territory. Several Cavalrymen arrive just in time to beat off the Utes, who leave nine survivors at the Army outpost. Dana Andrews might as well have been killed. You see, he had deserted the Army because his commander was mean to the Utes. When the Utes were mean to *him,* he tried to contact the Apaches so they'd keep peace, but the Army captured Andrews, were holding him for court-martial before the massacre began. Okay? What's Piper Laurie doing here? Well, she's here with her fiancé, Lieutenant Rex Reason. The problem isn't who's here, it's how to escape to Fort Defiance. Don't think the Utes don't wipe more blood off their hands. Not Andrews' blood, though. All this while Rex Reason has been working up a jealous rage because Piper would rather consort with a deserter than with him. There's a woman for you. Technicolor—U.I.



THE AMERICANO You can lead three bulls from Texas to Brazil but can you make them talk? If Glenn Ford could, maybe they'd tell him who murdered the man who was going to buy them. Too bad those bulls can't talk because no one else will talk to Glenn. They slam doors in his face, back up with fear, *avoid* him. Till Cesar Romero, a local terrorist, takes him to rancher Frank Lovejoy. Things pick up, Lovejoy buys the bulls, but darn if someone doesn't hit Glenn over the head and steal his money. There's a beautiful lady (Ursula Thiess) who keeps calling Glenn a coward because he won't stay and fight her battles (all that poor man pines to do is get back to Texas). Lovejoy is nuts, Ursula tells him, he wants all of Brazil and what he can't buy he'll burn, including farmers. Glenn doesn't believe her; to him, Lovejoy is a gentleman. Glenn thinks Cesar Romero is the troublemaker. With Abbe Lane. Technicolor—RKO

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYING

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS *(20th-Fox):* A really big musical that has almost everything—Marilyn Monroe, Mitzi Gaynor, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Ethel Merman, Hugh O'Brian, even Johnny Ray, making his movie debut . . . plus songs by Irving Berlin, CinemaScope and Technicolor.

THE BRIDGES AT TOKO-RI *(Para.):* Grace Kelly, William Holden, Fredric March, Mickey Rooney, in Michener's moving story of the Korean war. Action, pathos, love, suspense—and intelligent dialogue. A very fine film.

THE LONG GRAY LINE *(Col.):* Tyrone Power stars in the story of Marty Maher, who devoted his life to West Point. Maureen O'Hara plays his Irish wife. Ward Bond, Donald Crisp, Robert Francis contribute as some of the men who have given the Point its reputation.

YOUNG AT HEART *(Warners):* Frank Sinatra and Doris Day singing and falling in love all over the Technicolor. Ethel Barrymore, Gig Young, Dorothy Malone, Alan Hale, Jr., add to the comedy and tenderness.

THREE FOR THE SHOW *(Col.):* A musical mix-up, involving Betty Grable who seems to be married to two men, Jack Lemmon and Gower Champion, and can't make up her mind which one to discard. With Marge Champion, who settles for the leftover. Technicolor plus lots of big production numbers.

SIX BRIDGES TO CROSS *(U-I):* Tony Curtis as a thief extraordinaire, in a suspenseful story based on the actual Brinks robbery of not too long ago. With Julie Adams, George Nader.

UNDERWATER *(RKO):* Jane Russell in a bathing suit. If you need more, there's Richard Egan, Gilbert Roland, Lori Nelson, Joseph Calleia and a lot of sunken treasure. Technicolor.

BATTLE CRY *(Warners):* A saga-type war story, detailing the loves and battle-lives of a group of men—Tab Hunter, Aldo Ray, Van Heflin, John Lupton, William Campbell. The girls are Mona Freeman, Nancy Olson, Dorothy Malone, Anne Francis, Allyn McLerie. Technicolor, lots of action.

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK *(MGM):* Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Anne Francis, an excellent cast in a taut melodrama of men haunted by guilt. Eastman Color.

THE PURPLE PLAIN *(U.A.):* Gregory Peck being heroic in Technicolor, inspired by a lovely Burmese girl, Win Min Than. Lots of suspense, airplanes, Burmese jungle.

THE COUNTRY GIRL *(Para.):* Bing Crosby delivers a superb performance in a tense, beautifully acted version of Odets' hit play about a has-been actor, his wife (Grace Kelly) and director (William Holden).





***Change your hair style** without a bit of trouble, for* SPRAY NET *brushes out instantly. It doesn't flake or ever get the tiniest bit sticky.*

Helene Curtis sponsors the Pretty Soft Look



***No drooping curls** on rainy days. With* SPRAY NET *your hair pays no mind to dampness or humidity. Curls and waves stay in, weather or no.*

Helene Curtis SPRAY NET* keeps your hair prettily in place all day, but with a bewitching softness.

How should your topknot look this season? Grimly lacquered into place? Wildly waving in the breeze?

Never! This season the look is *soft and shining* hair that stays put in the *prettiest way*.

For Helene Curtis dipped deep into a chemist's tube and came up with a delightfully different hair spray. A hair spray so silky . . . so soft it couldn't possibly make hair dry or stiff or brittle. Yet it held each curly straggler in place. Waves behaved despite humidity. Flyaway hair tamed down nicely. In a word—it worked! And softly, prettily!

So here, from Helene Curtis to you, with flattery in every swoosh, is SPRAY NET. The ladylike-way, the pretty soft-way to curb your curls and hold your wayward waves!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



$1.25

Giant Economy Size $1.89
Plus tax.
SUPER SOFT OR REGULAR



***Set your pin curls in a hurry.** Just roll them up, make large loose curls on top, smaller ones at your neckline, then spray with* SPRAY NET. *They'll dry in minutes, they'll look soft and pretty.*



***Use* SPRAY NET *every day,** as often as you like, for it contains exclusive Spray-On Lanolin Lotion. Keeps your topknot soft and silky.*

***Now there are two types of Helene Curtis* SPRAY NET**

Let your hair be the judge. If it's "baby-fine" or you like the casual look, the new Super Soft SPRAY NET, without lacquer, *will be beautifully right. For hair that's thick, harder-to-manage, for elaborate hair-dos, use Regular* SPRAY NET *. . . already the favorite of millions!*



How to have COVER GIRL HAIR

Take a tip from professional beauties and keep your hair a star attraction always. Quickly done with Marchand's Rinse! Brownettes, brunettes, blondes, redheads can brighten natural color, add shining highlights. Special rinses blend in gray streaks. Others tone down yellow in white hair. 12 glamorous shades, made with Govt. approved colors, wash out easily. For bright and beautiful hair, use a Marchand's Rinse after each shampoo. At all good variety and drugstores.

6 Rinses 25¢ 2 Rinses 10¢

MARCHAND'S

"Make-up"

HAIR RINSE



if you've thought of going Blonde

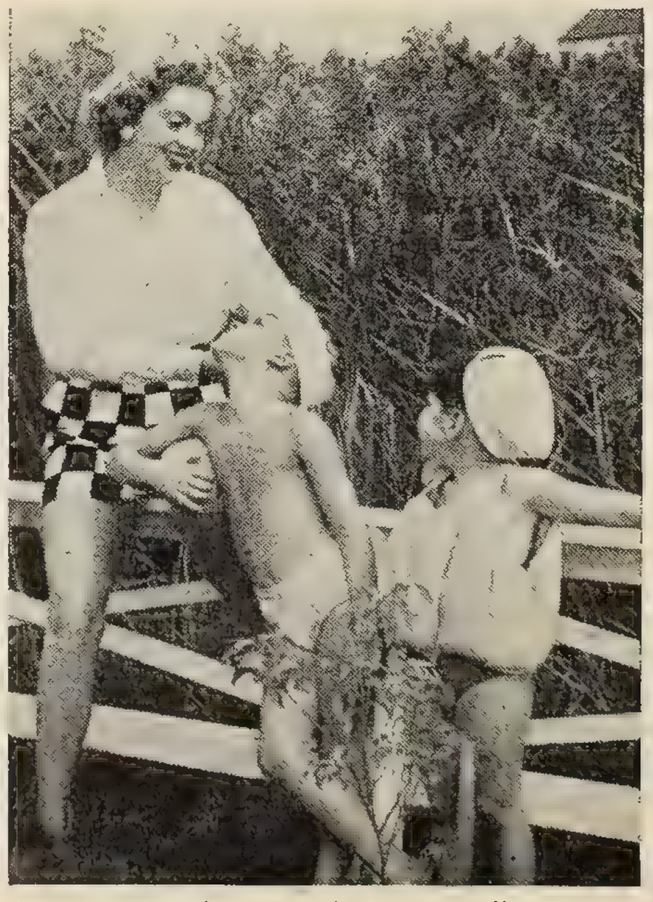
If time has darkened your hair, you can be a lovely blonde again—safely, easily with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or lighten just a little, bring out sunny lights. Marchand's is the complete home hair lightener famous for 50 years. At good drugstores everywhere.

60c and 90c plus tax

TV TALK

Danny Kaye: almost, but not quite . . . Sid Caesar regrets (?) . . . Brando wants to fight

Next to **Judy Garland,** there is no one the networks want more than **Danny Kaye.** The offers Danny has had are fabulous. But he has shown up on television only twice—once so fast you hardly knew it was Danny and once for about thirty whole seconds when it was for a worthy cause. Everyone is still trying to get him. Little do they know that Danny himself once *asked* to be on a television show—for fifteen minutes straight—and for *free.* What show? Why, *Person To Person.* Here's how it happened—and why it didn't come off. Danny, a great baseball bug from way back, was at a ball game one day sitting next to a man who had been on **Ed Murrow's** popular show. The guy was so enthusiastic about his experience that he convinced Danny, long before the ninth inning, that *Person To Person* was for Kaye. Needless to say, when the phone rang and it was Danny's manager offering the famous TV holdout, Murrow's workers nearly flipped. They also, of course, accepted—real fast. They still haven't gotten over his backing out. Why did he back out? Because he looked at *Person To Person* the night **Sid Caesar** was on, and he thought Caesar was a flop. As you know, Sid doesn't talk easily unless he's playing a character in a comedy sketch. That night he was just Sid Caesar at home with his family, and he was nervous. It showed. Danny was not about to let the same thing happen to him. And that's the story of how Danny Kaye almost went on TV . . . **Arlene Francis** is the center of attention every time she gets dressed up these nights because she has a new ermine trench coat—half belt and all . . . Everyone who went to first nights at the theatre used to gape at Marlene Dietrich, Grace Kelly, Hope Hampton and all the other glamorous regulars. Now the main attraction is, of all people, **Ed Sullivan!** You've never seen such a popular man. The aisle around his seat is jammed—because everyone in show business wants to get on Ed's show or get a friend on—or just be friendly with one of the most powerful men in the TV world today . . . **Julius La Rosa** *does* have humility. Even when none of his fans are around—in fact no one he knows—he is one of the most polite young men who ever said, "Excuse me, please" . . . People are still talking about the clothes **Jayne Meadows** wore when **Steve Allen** and the rest of *Tonight* went to Florida. There she was at a resort, with everyone around her in sports clothes, and she never put on anything but satin and sequins and furs—even during the daytime. Jayne, by the way, is getting fussier and fussier about her photographs. Believe us, if you see a picture of Jayne, she has okayed it. Nothing unflattering gets printed if she can help it. She's not alone in this feeling, of course. For years, many of the smartest stars have insisted that no one run a picture until they personally approve it . . . **Robert Cummings** is so happy these days, he doesn't seem like the same man. Only two years ago, when he was playing Beanblossom in *My Hero,* he could hardly look himself in the mirror in the morning. That was how much he hated that show. Now, although he isn't 100% pleased with his new one, he surely is happier. But he has to admit that *My Hero* made him a rich man—and an actor with a wife and four children needs to be a rich man. Bob, by the way, is one of the few TV stars who write personal letters to people who write nice things about them. He not only signs them himself, he types them himself. And that's rare. **Arlene Francis** is another, by the way . . . Now it seems that **Sid Caesar** *is* having qualms about breaking up with **Imogene Coca.** He sometimes has a studio audience in to watch his dress rehearsals, and he recently handed out a questionnaire to them asking if they wanted him to go back with Imogene. Sid wouldn't do that if he didn't wonder about having made the wrong move . . . It's a shock to see **Carl Reiner** off the TV screen, because he is so very bald. A nicer man couldn't be found. He, incidentally, is one of Imogene's best friends; and if Sid and Imogene do reconcile—even for just one or two shows—you can be very sure that Carl Reiner has had something to do with it . . . When you see a show in black and white that's being telecast (*Continued on page 61*)



Jayne Meadows and Steve Allen see a lot of Steve's sons, Stevie, 7, Brian, 10, and David, 5, take them on vacations.



Jayne, always careful about her publicity, insists on approving all her photos before they are published. She liked family snaps with the boys especially well.

she's got VIV

(you can have it, too!)

It's not so much beauty as it is personal vibrancy and sparkle, and all those indefinable qualities that make everyone instantly aware of her.

For now there's a new lipstick that brings out all the vividness and sparkle of the real you with exciting colors that make you look and feel vividly alive. It's the new VIV lipstick by Toni. VIV's new *High-Chroma Formula* gives you the most vivid colors any woman has ever worn. Choose from six bright shades, each as sparkling as the Vivid Rose you see here. Try VIV, that vivid new lipstick by Toni.

Comfortable, long-lasting and very, very vivid.

new viv lipstick by Toni $1.10 plus tax

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I dreamed

I was queen of the Westerns in my



maidenform bra®

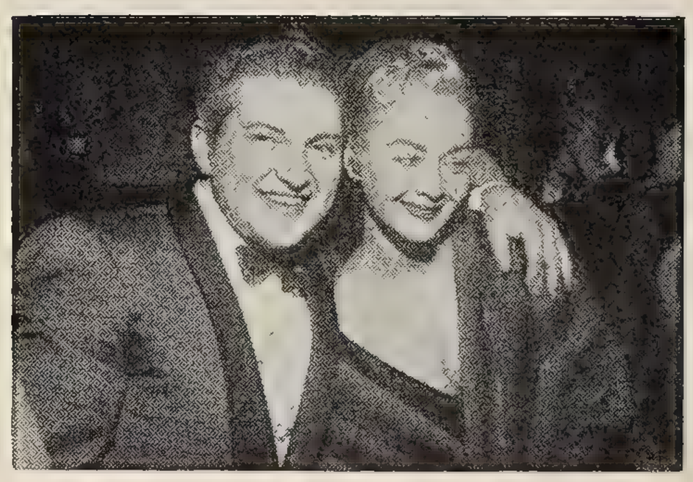
From High Noon to Midnight, all the shootin's over me... the most-wanted figure in the wild 'n woolly West! From Abilene to Santa Fe, the most fabulous curves in every round-up are mine, because I've got the best-known brand of them all... Maidenform.

The dream of a bra: Maidenform's Chansonette* in nylon taffeta, acetate satin, cotton broadcloth or dacron and cotton batiste... from 2.00.



He's still healthy, smiling and most sincerely yours!

LIBERACE AT LIBERTY



■ Feminine hearts flipped when big, black headlines announced that Liberace had been ordered to take a long rest. Like rumors that he was about to become engaged or married, the story was exaggerated.

When Sammy Davis, Jr., made his first appearance after the accident in which he had lost one eye, Liberace showed up, obviously in fine health and more handsome than ever, having lost fifteen pounds. On his arm was the lovely starlet, Wendie Bartlett.

Unhappily for Wendie, most people thought he was with Jan Valerie, the blonde TV singer. People were so delighted to see him up and about that he stopped by one table after another, lighting momentarily by Jan's side, just as the photographers closed in. Let it be known that Miss Valerie was not his date, although she might be on another occasion, for the famed pianist is fast becoming Hollywood's Number One Bachelor. He is not ready for marriage and more than one or two dates with the same girl results in a rash of romance rumors.

Aside from his now robust health, the big news about Liberace is his engagement to help launch the huge new Las Vegas hotel, The Riviera, at the astounding sum of $50,000 a week for a three-week engagement with his brother George and his orchestra. Then, having completed the filming of his next TV series, he goes to Warners for his first feature-length picture, *Sincerely Yours*, which bears the title of his record album.

Doris Day has been most often mentioned as his leading lady, but it is doubtful that Doris will play the role. Liberace's name alone will pack theatres and generous Liberace would like to give a newcomer a break.

A word of caution about Liberace: Don't believe the rumors.



These are Beth Anderson's hands. They were soaked in detergents. Her *right* hand alone was treated with Jergens Lotion. Look at the dramatic difference! ***This photograph is unretouched.***

Positive proof: "Detergent Hands" can be stopped

A national research laboratory* proves Jergens Lotion more effective than any other lotion tested for stopping detergent damage.

Hands are a key to your personality. If your hands suffer from overwork, take heart — there's wonderful news for you!

Recently 447 women volunteers soaked both hands in detergents, three times a day. After each soaking, Jergens Lotion was smoothed on their right hands *alone.*

In 3 or 4 days, the untreated hands were in trouble. They were roughened and reddened — in some cases, even cracked and bleeding. The Jergens Lotion hands were soft, smooth, and lovely!

The women were frankly amazed to see the difference in their hands. *No other lotion tested proved as effective as Jergens* — and they agreed it was delightful to use; not the least bit sticky or greasy.

The famous Jergens formula has been steadily perfected for 50 years. It never lets wind, weather or housework disgrace your hands — and it takes just seconds to apply. Use it every day.

Jergens Lotion today is a rich, creamier lotion with a pleasing new fragrance. Only 10¢ to $1.00, plus tax.



*NOTICE *to doctors and dermatologists. For a summary of this report, write to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cinn., O.*

Jergens Lotion ***positively stops "Detergent Hands"***

Hollywood's favorite

Lustre-Creme Shampoo...



Cream or Lotion

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Jane Wyman. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Never Dries— it Beautifies!



Jane Wyman

co-starring in "LUCY GALLANT"

A Paramount Picture

in VistaVision.

Color by Technicolor.



Despite rumored romances, Susan has devoted herself to her twins since her bitter divorce from Jess Barker, has turned down movies to be with them.

present perfect

Gone is the gloom; gone are the moods; gone, in fact, is the old Susan Hayward. There's nobody home but happiness now!

BY IDA ZEITLIN

■ In palest pink—forbidden to redheads, but on her it looked good—Susan went through a scene for *Soldier Of Fortune,* stopped to chat with visitors on the set, then joined her gang. Emmy Eckhardt, her hairdresser and friend of eight years, was brewing tea. Marjorie Fletcher, her wardrobe woman, was cutting the chocolate cake Susan had brought from home. A studio publicist dropped in. "What's new?" chorused the girls. He offered tidbits as they offered him nourishment.

"Mm, good. You make this yourself?"

"Marooned on a desert island with the proper ingredients," Susan allowed, "I could bake a cake. But why should I when Cleo does it so much better?" She picked up her crocheting.

"Hey, that's the afghan you started on *Untamed.*"

"And when I'll finish it, nobody knows. A thousand and one squares, as in a thousand and one Arabian nights. After (*Continued on page* 83)

LIVE ALONE AND LIKE IT?



IN HONG KONG, GABLE SAID THAT HIS PLANS INCLUDE ONLY FISHING, HUNTING, TRAVELING.



BUT, SURPRISINGLY, HE WROTE TO KAY SPRECKELS WHILE LOCATIONING FOR SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.



Marriage? Never again says Gable, but can Hollywood's greatest lover stay fancy free? Read this frank report to see why his friends say no.

BY NATE EDWARDS



Clark's most constant date, Kay Spreckels, calls him "an old, old friend," and (of course) denies romance.

Clark Gable is fifty-four years old. He has been married four times. Before each of these marriages, he ardently courted the woman who was to become his wife. During this period, he steadfastly denied any matrimonial intention.

Gable is currently squiring Kay Williams Spreckels, "an old friend" he has known for years.

Kay recently had her former husband, Adolph Spreckels, thrown into prison for beating her up. "I've had enough of marriage, at least for a while," she said a few weeks ago when she was rumored to have eloped with the handsome, greying-at-the-temples actor. "Mr. Gable and I are just old, old friends."

Clark gives out the same line. "Why are people so anxious to marry me off?" he asks. "Kay and I go out a few (*Continued on page 91*)

We could write a book

Herewith the tragical-comical tale of how Esther and Ben got their show on the road—and the trials of innocents abroad!

BY JANE WILKIE







Slightly mad trip ended in Las Vegas, where the Gages swam, sunned, recuperated, opened the act prepared—and almost deserted—on the road.

■ "Go see what's new with Esther." The last time MODERN SCREEN gave me this ultimatum I wound up at 180th Street and Vermont Avenue, which as anybody in Los Angeles knows (unless he lives at 179th and Vermont), means a safari. This was because Esther was visiting her high school.

This time there *was* something new with Esther. She and Ben had just returned from a seven-week tour of the country with a show of their own that included singers, dancers, a trampoline act and one elephant, as well as thirty-five minutes of Esther, both wet and dry. I held a hope that the tour might be worth a story, a hope that was rather dim because jaunts of this type usually sound like the itinerary of a Pullman porter and come out as interesting as a cigarette butt.

I met Esther in the early hours of darkness, at a Beverly Hills restaurant famed for its quiet corners. She collapsed into the seat beside me, admitted she could be done in with a hatpin, having spent the last few hours in an exhausting business meeting, and asked with characteristic directness what I wanted to write about this time.

"The tour," I said, "except that it's probably pretty dull when summed up."

"Ha," said Miss Williams. "Dull! Ben figures he'll write a book about it."

At that moment Mr. Gage approached and landed in the opposite seat. Ben is as loquacious as Esther, and (*Continued on page* 75)





What keeps America's

top funny man in the dumps?

Here, for the first time,

Modern Screen gives you

the straight facts about...

JACKIE GLEASON

BY RICHARD MOORE

■ Jackie Gleason should have the world by the tail. But he is one of its most miserable men.

There he is—all 285 or 265 or 245 pounds of him—and he looks fat (which he is) and sassy (which he can be). Not yet forty, he is one of America's funniest and richest comedians. He could even lay off work tomorrow and be rich for the rest of his life. Working, he is worth millions. He can afford everything he wants—clothes by the custom-made carload, apartments, country homes, European trips—and have plenty left over to give his wife and daughters the 14½ per cent of his income which the judge deemed fair at the time of his and Genevieve's separation. Although he cannot get divorced and marry again, because he is an ardent Catholic, he is happily in love with Marilyn Taylor, the pretty young sister of his choreographer, June Taylor. And Marilyn, while perhaps not overjoyed that the wedding bells will never ring, loves him and does not protest.

Jackie *looks* happy. To watch him when he is off television, you'd think he (*continued on page 70*)

From time to time their work pulls Ann Blyth and Dr. Jim apart—but in distance only. For anywhere they wander, they know that love is waiting at home.

BY WILLIAM BARBOUR

SO NICE TO COME HOME TO

■ "When you open the front door of Ann Blyth's home," a friend of hers said, "you know you are going to be welcomed by it, not impressed. It's a lovely place with lots of beautiful things in it, but none of the sort that hit you in the face."

The friend thought for a moment, and then continued. "Come to think of it, Ann's marriage is like her home," she declared. "The happiness is quietly, deeply there; just as Ann planned. Nobody makes loud declarations of love, they just live it."

No bulletins are issued by Ann about her personal life, nor, for that matter, do any items about it usually find their way into the gossip columns. But neither are there secrets; ask Ann about herself and her Dr. Jim. She'll be glad to tell you.

She was at MGM getting ready for *The King's Thief*, her first picture since the birth of her son, when someone reminded her that during her engagement she had been heard to say that her love for Jim could get no greater. "Were you right about that?" she was asked. "Hasn't marriage made a difference?"

"No, I was wrong, and marriage has made a difference," Ann replied, laughing. "That's the marvel of it! I love him more—more every day than the day before. I thought back then my love couldn't grow, and I think now it can't, but it did and it does."

Nice reports (*Continued on page* 56)



Even on their infrequent nights out, Ann has learned to expect emergency phone calls which take Jim away for hours—or even for days. "His patients have first call on his time," she explains.





PECK AND PASSANI:

hollywood's biggest

by Steve Cronin

NOW THAT GRETA HAS SAID GOODBYE, WILL VERONIQUE GET HER CHANCE TO SAY I DO? GREGORY SAYS NO—BUT ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS!



For months Veronique claimed to be just a reporter getting a story on Peck, but progressed rapidly to being his favorite dinner date, traveling companion, traveling secretary—but not fiancée, so far.



For months Greta Peck claimed that there was no definite rift between Greg and herself, finally filed for (and won) a divorce and has since dated other men, such as New York actor William Prince.

question mark

■ Three years ago a dark-haired French girl named Veronique Passani confided to a friend that one day she would marry Gregory Peck.

This friend, who had been a schoolmate of Veronique's at Marymount and *L'école des Oiseaux* in Paris, was startled.

"You must be crazy," she said. "Gregory Peck is already married. I read only yesterday that he is here in Paris with his wife and three sons."

Veronique, then twenty, smiled and reportedly said, "You will see."

Gregory Peck's divorce is not final until December 29, 1955, but it would surprise none of his friends if long before then he married Veronique, his twenty-three-year-old traveling secretary, in Paris or London or the Canary Islands.

Peck, of course, denies this. He was on location in the Canary Islands—Veronique was there, too—finishing *Moby Dick* when Greta Konen Peck, mother of his children, filed for divorce in Los Angeles. Asked if he contemplated another marriage in the near future, Greg, a man of few words, answered with one: "No."

But at the same time, the Paris newspapers carried on their front pages the announcement that Veronique Passani and Gregory Peck were engaged. Veronique's mother, a divorcée of Russian extraction who lives with her eight-year-old son in an apartment on the Boulevard Franklin Roosevelt, was telephoned by a reporter.

"Madame Passani, is it true that your daughter is engaged to marry Gregory Peck, the American film star?"

"I don't know," Veronique's mother answered.

"But the newspapers are filled with stories to that effect."

"I've seen them."

"Are they true?"

"All I can say," Madame Passani (*Continued on page* 86)





mad about The Boy



After three last-minute switches, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bean are installed—but not exactly settled—in their new apartment. Temporarily, that is.

Mitzi has been married a matter of months and very, very happily. But it's already the craziest, mixed-up-est marriage in town!

BY ALICE HOFFMANN

■ It was supposed to be a double-ring ceremony, but nobody told the gentleman who was marrying them. After Jack Bean put the ring on Mitzi Gaynor's finger, the judge said, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Then Jack kissed the bride. Mitzi quietly said, "Excuse me, Your Honor, but I have a ring for Jack, too. When does he get his?"

So they went through the love-honor-obey part again. This time, nobody goofed.

During their long courtship, engagement or whatever it is called in Hollywood, no one goofed except those mastermind columnists who, up until the actual ceremony, kept insisting that the romance between Mitzi and Jack Bean was not a real one. They said, as often as they could get it into print, that this was a cover-up for Mitzi's real love. The wise guys of Hollywood never have been more mistaken.

The actual marriage took place on November 18, 1954, in San Francisco, at twelve-thirty-five P.M., but the events leading up to the happy ending were as (*Continued on page* 73)

It all started out beautifully. Bob arrived at the annual Bing Crosby Golf Tournament still glowing from his last success—winning the L.A. Open Pro-Amateur Tournament.





The first thing he did was make a hole-in-one. Every fan (golf and movie) at the Pebble Beach Del Monte Course started following him. That was the first day.

memo on R.J.

Pity poor Mr. Wagner - he spent



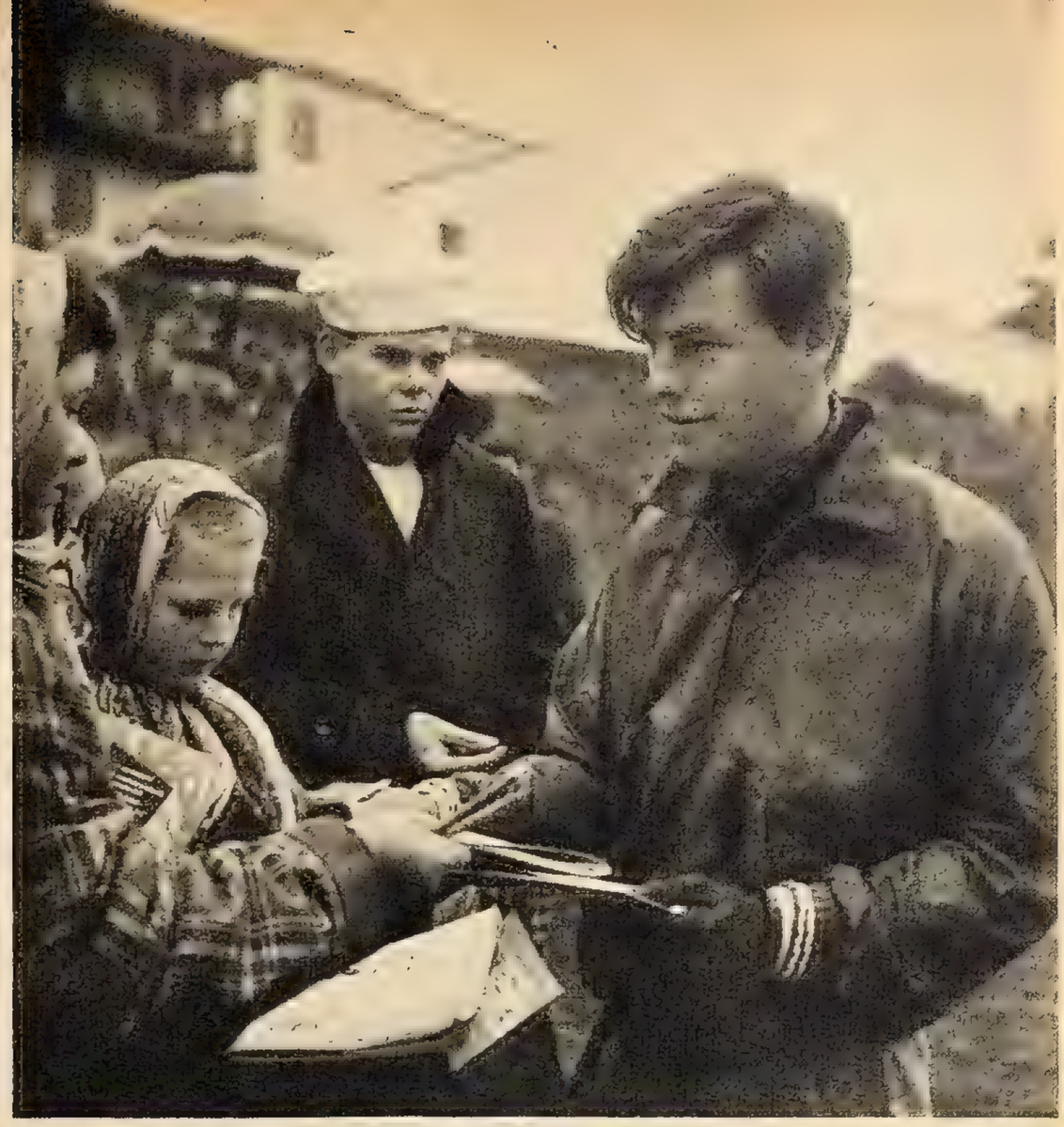
But every cloud has a silver lining. Bob picked up his date, young singer Anna Maria Alberghetti and drowned his sorrows in a sundae for two.

Then, determined to prove that he's still a sportsman, he took Anna Maria to Kerr's sports shop and gave her lessons in the fine art of shooting.



The second day the weather went bad—and so did Bob. He hooked, sliced, missed and dunked his golf balls in the ocean. His special caddie, Stymie, was horrified.





The fans remained loyal. Having added up his score and found it to be one of the worst of his career, Bob cheerfully turned to signing autographs for them.

the most miserable week end of his entire life playing his favorite game!



Furthermore, never being one to hold a grudge, he led her to the golfing department and showed her how to hold an iron. She learned fast, he reported.

Finally, feeling completely his old self, he took Anna home in his sports car, promised her further lessons as soon as he's through doing publicity for *White Feather*.





"DON'T CALL ME A DUMB BLONDE"

The most important things Marilyn's got, it took a brain to get. And from now on, she's not letting anyone forget it!

BY ALICE FINLETTER

■ When director John Huston gave Marilyn Monroe the role of a dumb, delicious blonde in *The Asphalt Jungle*, it was considered a classic example of type casting. At that time, five years ago, the film colony did not hold Marilyn's ability in high regard.

After starting at $75 a week, she had been dropped by Columbia, Gene Autry, 20th Century-Fox and several independents.

She was recognized as a close friend of famous agent Johnny Hyde, but her acting talent was judged to be minuscular. Her vaunted anatomical measurements were considered no better nor worse than those of a hundred other aspirants to the screen.

Today, all that has been changed. Marilyn Monroe is considered a credit by Hollywood. She is regarded as one of the most dynamic box office attractions the movie industry has ever known.

She is being labeled, "a thinker . . . a shrewd one . . . a doll who's dumb like a fox . . . a talented artist . . . one girl who's handled herself well in the Hollywood jungle" and "probably the most valuable property in the movie game today."

Talk of Marilyn, however, is not one-sided. There is a small shrewd group that insists that the curvaceous blonde "is mixed up . . . is suffering from delusions of grandeur . . . will never make any man a happy wife . . . has been following poor advice . . . has more luck than talent" and "should never have gotten into any contract beef with her studio."

Regardless of how you personally feel about Marilyn, the indisputable fact is that she has developed from a nonentity into the most widely-discussed actress in America—and one of the most admired. The reason is that Marilyn (*Continued on page* 88)



Surrounded by literature and art, Marilyn claims she hasn't changed. "There have always been things going on in my head that no one knows about!"

so little time

Being a movie star is great. Ask Bob Francis: he'll tell you. But it involves a few little sacrifices. Like his home life, his sleep—and his girl.

BY JIM NEWTON

■ Once upon a time, when there *was* such a thing in his life, Bob Francis would wake at odd hours, mostly late ones, idly contemplate the sky through his window and dally with the pleasing problem of how his day should be spent.

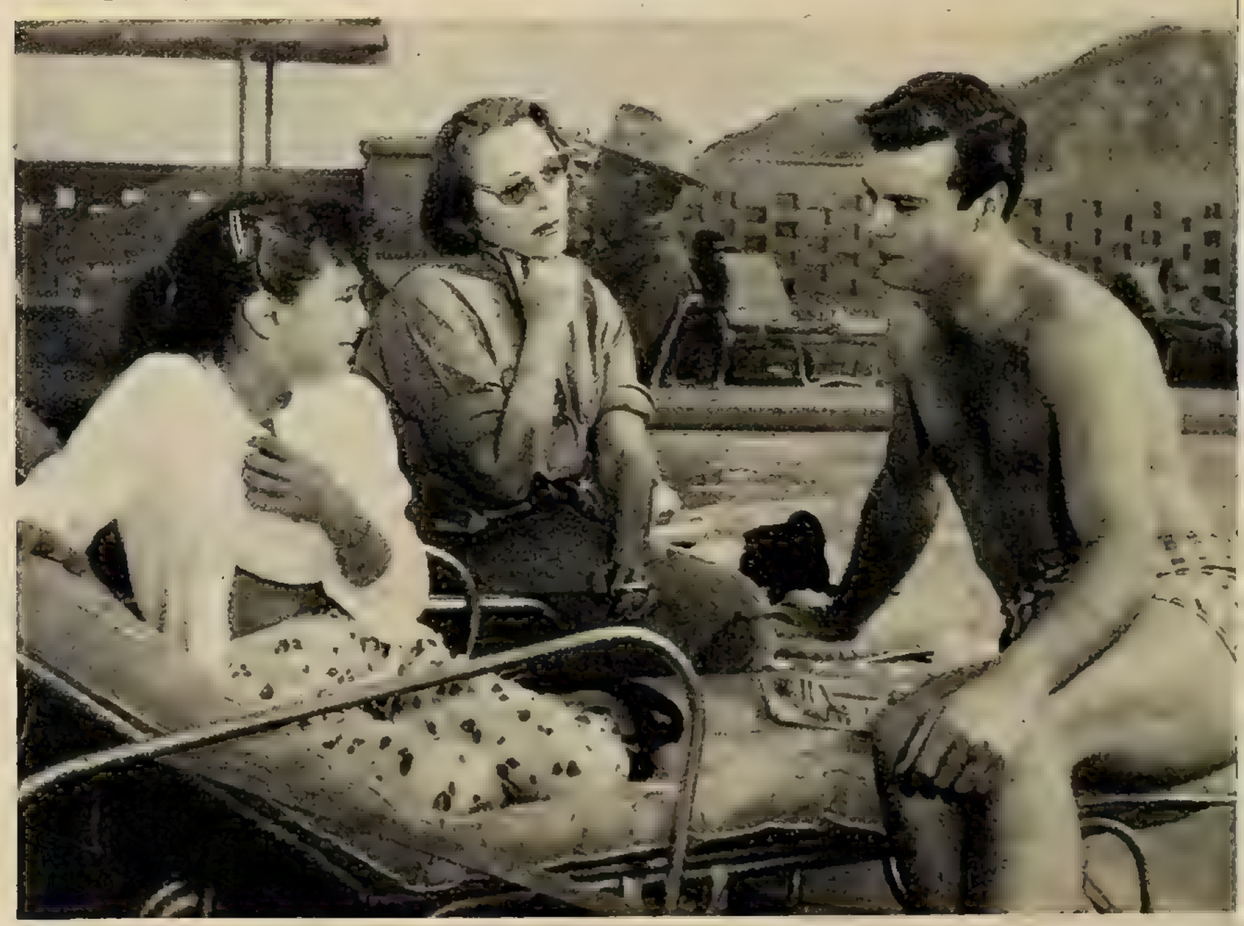
Currently, he scorches out of his bunk soon after five A.M., stumbles into and out of the shower, yanks on his clothes and falls into the driver's seat of his secondhand Cadillac. All this is accomplished with the aid of one eye, as the other one stays stubbornly closed trying to grab an extra few moments of precious sleep. There is no time these days to contemplate the sky; in fact there is no time even to glance out the window, and often Bob has burst out the front door to find to his astonishment that he is being belted with buckets of California dew.

There is no longer any opportunity to sketch his days at will; they come tumbling at him, spilling over with things to do, with a regularity that keeps him spinning. Because Bob Francis is on the treadmill that comes to every actor who finds success in Hollywood. For the average actors, those who have worked their way up via the accepted routine of drama school, Little Theatre, radio and television, it is bewildering enough. But Bob landed the plum role of Willie Keith in *The Caine Mutiny* without so much background as a school play. There had been five years of dramatics lessons, true, but dramatics lessons *per se* don't prepare anyone for the deluge of extracurricular duties of being a Hollywood star.

Along with acting in that first picture, in which he was a novice (*Continued on page* 62)



Even a trip to The Racquet Club for golf means posing with fellow stars like Charlie Farrell for fans and fellow golfers, remembering names, asking the right questions, giving the proper answers. And less time for golf!



Every time he climbs out of a pool, there's someone waiting for him. Still, Bob prefers to relax in some athletic activity, hopes (when he has enough money) to reopen the ski shop he and his brother used to run.

Once his greatest love, sports are second to acting now.





THE THINGS THAT COUNT



There comes a time when a man must pause to take stock of himself and his life. For Burt Lancaster, at the height of success, the time is now.

BY LOUIS POLLOCK

A little after dawn in Los Angeles a new Ford Thunderbird raced through the grey mist, along Sunset Boulevard toward the UCLA campus in Westwood. There was no one else about as the black, sleek car turned off the boulevard, came to a stop alongside the college's athletic field, and a very un-sleek looking man got out.

He had a fine enough face for a fellow who drives a sports car—but not the clothes for it. He wore an old and shapeless sweatshirt, a pair of slacks to match, and gym sneakers which were clearly overage. Gazing around at the deserted field, he shivered. "Only a nut, Burt Lancaster," he said to himself, "only a muscle maniac would get up at this lonely hour three times a week to do mile runs!"

Yet he headed for the cinder-surfaced track and when he reached it started jogging. With the first sluggish steps he became conscious of vague aches and knew that they echoed back to old circus day falls. Each fleeting pain told its own story, it seemed to him, but together they also seemed to be asking a question—why did he do it?

When he had been in the Army he had *had* to beat the sun out of bed and chase his sergeant around the country side. That's what they were paying you the $30 a month for, they kept telling you. But now—why? Wasn't he what is called a Hollywood success? Aren't you a partner in your own company? he asked himself. Don't you star in your own pictures, even direct yourself in them? Then, why? Come on, Burt, if you don't know, let's get back home where all the rest (*Continued on page* 90)

Burt with daughter Joanna, fourth of the Lancasters' five children.



WHAT'S COOKING, DEBBIE?

■ "Hi, there, Debbie! What cooks?"

It was the Reynolds' neighbor-to-the-north hailing Half-pint as she bounced her Pontiac coupe into the driveway that separates their two homes.

"Hi, Mr. Davies," Debbie greeted him absent-mindedly. "Did I just run over your hose? Please excuse me if I did."

"That's okay," Mr. Davies said, good-naturedly shifting his sprinkler to another part of the lawn. "Now, tell me again. When are you and your young fellow getting married?"

"We don't know exactly," Debbie answered politely. "Probably sometime in June."

Later that evening a columnist called Deb to check on a hundred rumors circulating about her and Eddie. "Is it true you and Fisher plan on getting married up at Grossinger's? . . . If not Grossinger's, I hear it will be at Eddie Cantor's . . . Say, would there be a chance of your getting married in Miami?"

Debbie sighed. "Honestly, as soon as we set the date, you'll be the first to know."

At noon the next day the little bundle of energy bounced into the Metro commissary for a luncheon interview.

"What's the angle this time?" she asked.

Publicist Jim Mahoney grinned. "Something new—your marriage plans."

Debbie clutched her stomach, feigning great pain. "Oh, no," she groaned. "Not that!" Then she said, "Honestly, I don't have the answers to any of the questions everyone wants to know—whether it will be a large wedding or a small wedding and where we're going to live and where we're going to honeymoon. I don't know any of that."

All Debbie knows these days is that she's completely in love. Totally oblivious of the world, her mind seems to be thousands of miles away or wherever Eddie Fisher happens to be. She hears only half the questions put to her. Ask her the day of the week and she (*Continued on page* 58)



"Eddie and I can feel so alone in a crowd," Debbie says, adding, "We have to." Their cross-country trips to see each other have been highly publicized and far from private.

Ask Miss Reynolds when she's getting married and she tells you, wide-eyed, "I don't know." But ask her what she plans to feed her husband and she'll supply you with the recipes!

BY MARVA PETERSON



Having discharged her manager, Audrey has put her career entirely into the hands of her actor-writer-director husband Mel Ferrer.

Will Hollywood ever see Audrey Hepburn again?

by Ellen Johnson

Here at last is a completely up-to-date report on Audrey Hepburn—and the answers to the questions Hollywood has been asking ever since her sudden—and much disapproved—marriage to Mel Ferrer—*plus* four pages of never-before-published pictures of Audrey, including the amazing photographs that got her first screen test for *Roman Holiday!*

When Audrey Hepburn married Mel Ferrer, it was rumored all over Europe that she would become inaccessible.

"Ferrer is over-protective," one observer noted. "It's impossible to get to Audrey alone. Marriage and success will make her more remote."

On their Italian honeymoon, Audrey and Mel did try to give the press the slip. "After all," Audrey later explained, "a honeymoon is a private matter." But once the honeymoon was finished, and Audrey took off for Holland and England, she was surprisingly available and down to earth.

In Amsterdam with her husband for the première of *Sabrina,* she insisted upon spending all her time raising money for the Dutch War Victims Fund.

In the department store where eight years ago she had worked as a $12-a-week salesgirl, Audrey put on a fashion show, modeling Givenchy outfits. She packed the house.

In the afternoons she visited Miss Soni Gaskell, the Dutch teacher who first taught her ballet. She called upon Jan Prins, a war hero she had known as a little girl in the town of Arnhem. She posed for hundreds of pictures, talked with dozens of young actresses and ballerinas. At the end of five days Audrey had raised 20,000 Guilders for the fund to construct a home for the war wounded. In The Hague she was awarded a gold medal for her charity work. And her countrymen, filled with pride at her behavior, told anyone who would listen that "Audrey Hepburn is the sweetest, kindest, most wonderful actress. And her husband is a fine man, too."

When the Ferrers reached London where Audrey, six years ago, got her first theatrical job, newsmen were much more forward than they had been in Amsterdam.

Paramount staged a press conference for their star in the Dorchester Hotel. Audrey was bombarded with the most personal questions. Was it true that she was expecting a baby? "Not yet," she answered. "But we want one badly." (Ferrer has four children by previous marriages.)

"If and when a baby comes," Audrey continued, "it will be the greatest thing in my life, greater even than my success. Every woman knows what a baby means."

How about her marriage to Ferrer?

Big-eyed Audrey smiled. "Three months have gone by and I have no regrets. What more can a girl ask?"

Did Audrey and Mel plan to work (*Continued on page* 79)

More pictures on next page



Just before attaining stardom Audrey was a sparkling young girl (above). But friends like former dance teacher Soni Gaskell (below) found her a sophisticated young lady upon her return to Holland with Mel.





She posed as a gamin . . .



for a rare cheesecake shot . . .



in an elfin mood . . .



as the wistful sprite . . .

and with dancer Marcel Lebon, an early romance.



Paramount Pictures signed Audrey on the strength of these remarkable photographs, taken in Europe when she was still a bit player. They have never before been shown to the public.

■ Audrey posed for these photos at the request of Irish photographer Ed Quinn, who saw her in a crowd, asked her to pose for him. Audrey obligingly changed costumes several times, drove from location to location. At the time, she was working in *Monte Carlo Baby*, which proved to be the turning point in her career. It was then that she was spotted not only by Paramount, through these pictures, but by author Colette for *Gigi*.



so nice to come home to

(*Continued from page 36*) about Hollywood couples often keep going until they get back to the persons they are about; Ann is always pleased pink to hear about herself and her Dr. Jim, but she always corrects the impression that her marital happiness has come to her exactly as she planned it.

"Plans imply a carefully drawn picture of the future in which there is an unwillingness to have the picture changed," she says. "It's almost like asking for trouble to be so scrupulously demanding. I didn't have plans—I dared to have hopes. And they have materialized and it is most wonderful!"

HOW WONDERFUL is wonderful? Well, in Ann's case it has dispelled all doubts in her mind as to her place in the world; first and foremost she is a wife and mother. Then she is an actress. "If Jim were to ask me to stay home and be just a wife I wouldn't hesitate a second about it," she has said. "The greatest part of my life is in my home. But the marvel is, of course, that he would never ask. He has said, 'It would be just as ridiculous for me to ask that as for you to ask that I give up my profession!'"

Incidentally, not only are Ann and Jim reluctant to interfere with each other in such matters, they have already agreed that their little Timothy is going to make his own decisions about *his* life work. One night, talking to Jim, Ann happened to remark how nice it would be if Timmy decided to become a doctor like his father. "But of course I'm not saying he should!" she explained hurriedly. "I mean, maybe he'll be a doctor if he wants to be. It's farthest from my mind that he should be this or be that because we want it that way."

"Right!" said Jim. He smiled at his wife. "What do we really want him to be, before anything else?"

"Happy!" replied Ann.

THEY BOTH THINK Timmy has a good beginning towards such a future, because he is already showing what Ann terms a "strong streak of normalcy." She saw first evidence of this last July 4 when he was baptized, she reports. "I guess it's almost a tradition that a baby will cry at such a time," she says. "Timmy, who was three weeks old that day, cried all through the ceremony at St. Charles, but just when the moment of the final blessing came—he fell fast asleep."

Since her marriage Ann has met a number of doctors' wives and has acquired their attitudes toward social affairs. They don't plan ahead very much and when they do they give everyone lots of notice. At one party, to which twelve physicians and their wives were invited, only two of the men were unable to attend because of emergency calls, Ann recalled. "The important thing to me was that Dr. James V. McNulty was present," she said. "We lucky girls all felt sorry for the two wives left alone, but we also enjoyed ourselves, because in this business you have to take your gains with your losses!"

Ann thought they'd never get to the last such affair she and Jim were invited to. He not only came home late from the hospital, but he had been up for a day and a half without sleep. She had already thought of phoning their hostess to make their excuses, but, as she puts it, "You can never depend on Jim's tiredness. He has amazing recuperative power, something he developed in his interne days, perhaps, when he was always on call. A shower and, at the most, a half-hour snooze, and he is ready to start out all over again." Many doctors have this facility.

Of course this doesn't make for a systematic life, and a lot of Ann's friends, remembering how orderly she always was about her life, have wondered how well she would do, married to a doctor whose patients, by medical protocol, outrank his wife in claims on his time.

There are nights when she starts out with a husband in the home and finishes up alone with a book, because he has been called away. Last Thanksgiving they dined at the home of Ann's Aunt Cis and Uncle Pat, and no sooner was the meal over than Jim had to answer an emergency summons to the hospital. He barely had time to drive her and the baby home. There have been dinners which Ann has cooked herself and had ready to serve by seven, which he eventually got home to eat about midnight. Yes, Ann was disappointed, but she wouldn't change things for the world.

"He does come home," she says—and says with fond recall. "Once it was nearly two days, but he came home. And when he does, when he and little Timmy and I are together again, all the waiting is like nothing and our happiness is complete."

Jim has a sister and three brothers, including Dennis Day. All are married and they have eighteen children among them. Since family gatherings come often, and Ann loves them, she never has to fear being alone for too long. Sometimes, in her status as the newest of the wives, she gets teased about missing Jim when he is away. "With so many husbands and wives in the family, who's to notice if one or two aren't around?" somebody will ask. And everybody will laugh twice as hard because Ann, who has a fine sense of humor ordinarily, can never quite accept this gag as funny.

But it was Ann, not Jim, who was first to be absent from home because of work. Right after their honeymoon she had to leave for the Sierras on a ten-day location trip. "It was the longest ten days of my life," she sighed.

One great change has softened the impact of career interference in the lives of the James McNultys. Though the doctor may be called away on sudden notice, there remains with Ann their young Timothy Patrick McNulty, who is the image of his father. Lest anyone get the wrong impression about how a doctor's baby is brought up, let it be said here that Timmy is being brought up according to old fashioned precepts of love and attention rather than by scientific regimen. The other day when he tried to sit up, and instead fell to one side and bumped himself, it was his mother who handled the emergency, with special soothing treatment, while the doctor just sat by and watched like any other father. But of course that's the way Doctor Jim wants it to be, too.

Ann had expected that she might get some technical counsel from Jim about raising little Timmy, but it seems that Jim doesn't want a scientifically raised son; he apparently wants one who just grows, and whom he can bounce around and enjoy as is. Ann has bought most of the books on infant care and child psychology, but now she merely refers to them to learn what might be expected of Timothy as he grows, rather than as a guide on how to raise him.

JIM'S CONTRIBUTION to all this, when he comes home, consists mostly of swinging Timothy high in the air and holding him there to his great glee. Ann always tries to be around at these moments, because she is certain only her presence prevents Jim from throwing the baby in the air instead of just lifting him.

"He's simply a father around Timmy, not a doctor." Ann says. "When he gets in of an evening and I report something like, say, Timothy's refusal to take his bottle, and want to know why he won't take it, Jim will just say something like, 'Well, he doesn't want it!' And here I've been waiting all day for the expert to handle the crisis! Of course he's right—and it proves to be as simple as that. Timmy just didn't want his bottle that meal. Next meal he gobbles it all down."

Not long ago Timmy was vaccinated and had a fretful time afterward with his sore arm. Ann took sole charge of the case and Jim was content to get his reports on Timmy secondhand from her. Soon afterward, Ann, too, was getting her reports about Timmy secondhand; she started work at the studio.

By exerting strong control over herself she didn't phone home to talk to the nurse in charge of Timmy as often as she wanted to—she kept it down to three times a day! Then each evening she would get reports—very complete reports, too. According to some people who heard them, these were more like complete reenactments of Timmy's activities from morning to night, while Ann kept murmuring, "Oh! I missed him so all day!"

In one way Jim did combine physician's role with husband's as far as Ann was concerned. There isn't a person who has worked with Ann who hasn't marveled at the way she has snapped back to her old measurements. "It's almost impossible to believe that she is a mother," declared Helen Rose, studio designer, a few weeks ago. "She still has the smallest waist of any star in the studio!"

This didn't happen by itself, of course. Ann has worked at it. She planned to do it all along but several days after Timothy's birth when Ann was lying in bed and merely contemplating exercising as a vague project for the future, Jim showed up and made things a little more immediate than that.

"Pretty soon now," he began, stressing *now*, "you'll be able to do some exercises that I think you'll enjoy doing, and they will be so good for you."



PANIC IN THE ELEVATOR

A blond, attractive young man entered the elevator of the Hotel Navarro on 59th Street with me. Halfway up to our floors, the elevator jammed, and the elevator girl became a bit panicky. The man smiled and said he would be the envy of all his friends, being trapped with two such charming women. In a few moments the elevator started, and Mr. Jean Pierre Aumont bowed and said, "It was a pleasure."

Miss M. A. Lanoff
New York, New York

"His words were all I needed," Ann says. "I started right then."

Her only reason for thinking there was no need to hurry was that she knew herself to be a very slim person and that mere weight reduction never would be a problem, because eating wasn't. But what she gathered from Jim's words was that to a young mother not only weight control, but muscle recovery, was important. For that reason exercises should be kept up always.

Ann's best time for exercises was early in the morning. It didn't take so much time when she got up because she was already dressed for it, so to speak. If she didn't do it then, she discovered that she found less and less time to do it as the day progressed, and by night she was too tired to do it at all.

NATURALLY, TIMMY contributes mightily to the emotional well-being of his parents, since their concern for each other is matched only by their love for him. Each step in his development is something they must report to someone, and they have long since learned that while friends will listen with apparent interest, this interest is sometimes just a form of politeness. Their best audiences are each other. Nevertheless, even a comparative stranger can drag out just a few small facts about Timothy from Ann or Jim if he tries—or even half tries.

For instance, one day Ann arrived for an appointment at MGM in Culver City looking particularly radiant. It turned out that for the first time in his life Timothy had slept the whole night through without waking for a pre-dawn feeding. "Don't you think that's quite an accomplishment?" she told, rather than asked, everyone within earshot.

And that wasn't all. There was the day Timothy revealed he had mastered the art of grasping things with his hand and manipulating them with some sort of control. Taking a firm grip on a doll (obviously not a favorite), he banged it on the side of his crib until it broke, then shifted his hold to the part of the toy which rattled—and rattled it.

Events like these are red letter ones in the lives of young parents. Everyone around the studio agrees that one of Ann's best dramatic scenes was her story, with gestures, of the first time Timmy sat up alone. "He teetered and caught himself," she said, and teetered herself to illustrate. "Then he tottered and caught himself," she went on, acting it out. "Then, when he finally realized that no one was supporting him and he was sitting up all alone in bed you should have seen the look of stunned realization that came into his eyes!"

At this point in her recital Ann, living her part, had acquired that stunned look of realization herself. But she didn't forget to add that her first move after this was to check Timothy's feat with her infants' development chart. She was delighted, she says, to find out that Timothy was two days ahead of normal development in his sitting up.

OF COURSE ANN doesn't always talk about Timmy. One bright December morning at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios she was heard talking about the *next* baby she hopes to have!

"He'll get the same care that Timmy is getting, but it will be more relaxed care," she said. "After all, I've had to do my learning with Timmy, and now that I am more sure of myself it will be easier with the next one."

She thought for a moment and then added, "And with the little ones who come after that, too!"

Thus spoke Ann McNulty. **END**

Pretty is as pretty does, but it didn't do right by Marla!



ALL ALONE BY THE TELEPHONE

■ Sheer beauty can have its drawbacks.

Marla English has been beautiful since she was a baby. She was modeling bathing suits and winning beauty contests when she was four years old. Yet again and again her beauty has brought her heartaches.

There was the time, when she was eight, that she was looking forward to the birthday party to be given for a school friend. Her mother made her a new dress for the occasion. The party drew nearer and nearer and still no invitation. The party day came and while the guests made merry across town, Marla lay on her bed, sobbing. Both little girls had been interviewed to model some swim suits. Marla had been chosen.

There weren't many parties during her seventh and eighth grade days so they had increased importance. The one Marla can't forget was one for which the boys of the class were to invite their favorite girls. Again Marla was not invited.

"I'm nineteen and I understand now," she said. "I guess they thought I might decline. And I was just dying to be asked."

It was the same story in high school. Marla had friends, but she might have had many more if some of the other girls hadn't resented her beauty and her winning beauty contest after beauty contest.

"Actually, I began to develop an inferiority complex," she said, "and I think it was the force which drove me into contests of all kinds and all the fashion modeling I could get. In this I could compete successfully and without loneliness or heartache."

Being brought to Hollywood probably was the best thing that could have happened to her. She still stands out as an exceptionally beautiful girl but there's plenty of competition and she shares the spotlight with scores of others.

Now, of course, she has more invitations than she can possibly accept. In fact, she turns them all down with the exception of those from Larry "Bud" Pennell, a fellow contractee at Paramount. Pennell is a quiet, big, ruggedly handsome young fellow who turned down three major league pitching offers to accept the opportunity to become an actor.

Bud's dates with Marla are usually baseball games, tennis, water skiing and such sports.

Marla has no more lonely waits by the telephone.

Debbie's surprise recipes for Eddie



GUACAMOLE

2 ripe avocados
1 small onion, minced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 medium ripe tomato, peeled and chopped fine
1 tablespoon green chili peppers, chopped fine
1 teaspoon each olive oil, vinegar
Salt, pepper
* Tostaditos

Peel and halve avocados. Remove seeds and mash avocados with a fork. Add lemon juice to keep avocado from turning dark. Add onion, tomato, peppers. Add olive oil, vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. Beat this mix and keep it in the refrigerator until the guests arrive. Serve in a bowl, placed on a large plate or tray. Arrange *tostaditos* around the plate outside the bowl. Guests may dip *tostaditos* into the *guacamole*.

* If you can't get *tostaditos*, use Melba toast.

ALBONDIGA SOUP

½ pound finely ground round steak (twice ground)
¼ cup fine dry commercial bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of black pepper
¼ teaspoon dried poultry seasoning
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 medium onion, finely diced

Mix all ingredients in order given. Shape into 1-inch balls and drop into boiling soup and let simmer 10 minutes. Any canned vegetable soup may be used, but Debbie loves this vegetable-tomato base:

2½ cups tomatoes (No. 2 can)
¼ cup minced onion
1/3 cup chopped celery and leaves
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 carrots, thinly sliced
2 cups water
2 beef bouillon cubes
½ teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Salt
Chopped parsley

Simmer tomatoes, onion and celery in skillet for about 15 minutes. Strain. Transfer to large pot. Thicken with softened butter and flour stirred together. Add water, bouillon cubes, sugar, paprika and salt. Add sliced carrots. Add balls of chopped meat at this point and simmer 10 minutes or until meat is done. Garnish with chopped parsley. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

FRIJOLES

1 lb. pink beans
**1* chorizo *sausage*
2 tablespoons chili powder
**½ pound grated tillamook cheese*
Salt and pepper

Wash 1 pound of pink beans. Cook in boiling water until soft enough for a fork to go through them. Add water as needed during the cooking. Drain and mash. While the beans cook, take a large skillet and fry *chorizo* sausage with chili powder, salt and pepper. When the sausage is brown, add the mashed beans and fry until the beans take on the flavor of sausage. To serve, place the beans in a baking dish and sprinkle grated tillamook on top.

* If you can't get *chorizo* sausage, use any highly seasoned sausage; instead of tillamook you may use grated cheddar; instead of pink beans you may use pinto beans or western red kidney beans.

what's cooking debbie?

(*Continued from page 51*) obliges with the time. Ask her to name her latest picture (*Hit The Deck*) and she's not too sure she's made a movie recently.

The only subject she seems to be clear on is food. She is one bride-to-be who knows exactly how she's going to feed her man. See her recipes at the left.

"This much is for sure about our marriage," she vows. "I won't have any trouble in the kitchen department."

And then for a mouth-watering hour and a half she talks food, menus, parties and special family recipes. Debbie even has a mental picture of special kinds of crazy snacks she's going to keep on her pantry shelves for between meals.

If Eddie Fisher wants a forecast of how and what he'll be eating during that all-important first year, he needs only to read this article.

Although Debbie is reconciled to hiring a maid to do the bulk of the housework, she expects to show the way to any cook. She is convinced that she will be fixing all the favorite dishes, "especially *frijoles*—the way my grandmother taught me."

"Eddie," she says, 'is really easy to cook for because our tastes are so similar. We both like plain, country-style cooking. And we're both mad for beans. And when it comes to steak, I take mine medium and Eddie likes his cooked about three minutes longer."

By country-style food, Debbie says she means all the typical American dishes her mother has always prepared. Debbie's folks never were well off so there never was any fancy cooking with wine and rich sauces. As a result, Debbie today has no taste for the continental cuisine. No gourmet, Miss Half-pint prefers a wholesome, balanced meal of meat and two vegetables. Eddie agrees.

The Sunday special of roast chicken, peas and mashed potatoes is a Deb favorite. Also a beef stew "that's simply loaded with whole onions, carrots and potatoes and cooked together in a thick, gravy sauce." Casserole dishes appeal to Debbie and she's doubly fond of baked beans and wieners.

EDDIE'S FAVORITE home-cooked meal is also based on beans. He'll take lima bean soup followed by a plate of ham hocks and lima beans served with hot corn bread.

This bean addiction can be traced easily to their childhoods. They were both children of the depression, a time when money (and, consequently, food) was scarce. His mother had learned very early in the lean years in Philadelphia that lima beans cooked in a dozen different ways helped fill hungry stomachs. Ordinarily, one might expect a different reaction to set in. You'd understand if, upon reaching maturity and success, Eddie would have refused lima beans for the rest of his life. He doesn't. He relishes them—any way you cook them.

Debbie's folks rode out the depression in El Paso, Texas. Her father worked on the railroad. When he was laid off, the family learned that there was a lot of nutritious value in beans. El Paso is on the Mexican border, so every few days Deb's mother would load up on the inexpensive pinto or pink Mexican beans. Her neighbors taught her how to cook them Mexican style, and that's the way Debbie prefers them now.

"My parents tell me," Deb says, "that brother Bill and I were literally weaned on beans and milk when we lived in Texas."

One day last summer Debbie took Eddie to the famous (*Continued on page 60*)

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(*Continued from page 58*) Farmers' Market in Los Angeles and introduced him to *frijoles, tortillas* and *enchiladas.* After it was all over, Eddie admitted that "the chili made my eyes water—it was so hot—but the fried beans reminded me of Philadelphia."

One of Debbie's sweetest and most appealing qualities is the considerate manner in which she watches over those she loves. Once she became engaged to Eddie Fisher, she familiarized herself thoroughly with his habits. "I've tried to figure out," she says, "what our day-to-day eating schedule will be like. And that, let me tell you, isn't easy."

Some wives make the mistake of setting up the housekeeping regimen as if marriage were a potential battle field, the wives in one camp and the husbands in another. This is not Debbie's way.

Aware of Eddie's ways, she is determined to keep him pleased and satisfied. Debbie herself does not eat breakfast. She doesn't like food in the morning and usually drinks only a glass of orange juice before going to the studio. Eddie on the other hand, likes a big breakfast. "Coffee comes first, then juice, bacon, eggs, sometimes flapjacks, then more coffee, followed by coffee.

"It may mean that I'll have to get up real early," Deb conjectures. "I may have to start cooking at five-thirty. But Eddie's going to have his breakfast prepared before I go to work."

For lunch each of them usually orders a thick, hot soup. Although it isn't hot, borscht is one of Eddie's favorites. Debbie likes it, too, more for the color than the taste. Soup is followed by a hamburger, salad and milk. Deb drinks quantities of milk, but Eddie is completely gone on Coca-Cola. Breakfast is the only meal not punctuated by this soft drink.

Fisher, needless to say, does not suffer from obesity.

"Any time I can put an extra pound on him," Deb crows, "I consider it a genuine victory."

Debbie is also a between-meals nibbler: corn kernels, dill pickles, peanut butter, marshmallow fudge and a kind of glorified oatmeal cooky she bakes for herself. "You start with the recipe for a plain oatmeal cooky, then you add chopped dates, nuts and shredded coconut. Eddie says they're sensational."

Compared to his size-eight fiancée, Eddie is a second-rate nibbler—cokes and red-shelled pistachio nuts.

Along with Deb's assortment of snacks, the Fishers' pantry is certain to be stocked with traditional Jewish delicacies: salami, pastrami, knockwurst, halvah and bagels. Debbie expects to make good use of these on the maid's night out or when Eddie brings some of the old gang home.

Deb is also studying frozen food and prepared mixes. "So far," she says, "we've tried chicken pot pies and corn bread mix. Both very good."

A culinary trick the little actress has discovered in connection with mixes is that they're improved by adding more butter than is called for. Not knowing too much about short-cut prepared mixes, Eddie swears that, "Debbie's corn bread is almost as good as my mother's."

DEBBIE HAS ALREADY earned the reputation of indefatigable hostess. During the summer, her backyard pool and barbecue are the focal points for Saturday night cook-outs. Friends start coming for a swim at two. At six her dad gets the bed of charcoal red hot. Then Deb calls on her Girl Scout training and goes to work. She barbecues hamburgers, shrimp, chicken, hot dogs, practically anything.

Once a year, Deb gives what she terms a goofy party. She knocks herself out on these fantastic affairs. She starts with a theme: Gay Nineties, Halloween, Desert Sheik. For her last "goofy" affair she sent out forty invitations asking people to come in jungle outfits. She borrowed stuffed apes, leopards, snakes and other such props from the RKO prop department. She spotted these around her house and bathed the rooms in an eerie, haunting, green light. The front door was rigged so that as soon as a guest stepped inside, the lights went out and a gun went off. After the guests recovered from heart failure, Deb served a buffet dinner of Mexican dishes.

"I don't think," Deb says, "that Eddie and I will give any 'goofy' parties right away. First comes the house-warming. I think that one should be a nice, dress-up party. I'll serve a buffet of Mexican food. The menu will probably consist of *guacamole* with crisp *tostaditos* to dip into the avocado mix, a tureen of *albóndiga* soup (meat balls in broth), beef or chicken *tacos* served with chili and tomato sauce, and probably a light dessert—a Jello ring filled with fresh fruit."

"Suppose," she was asked, "Eddie gets to the point where he doesn't like Mexican food. What will you do?"

Mary Frances sat back and cocked her head to one side. "I'll change," she said. "After all, any wife must be adaptable. That's the key to success." END

DON'T LOOK, SON— I'M DYING!

Herewith an abbreviated history of the hectic career of Gloria Grahame.



Portrait of a girl with no sex appeal.

■ "I guess I'm not colorful," said Gloria Grahame, trying to explain why nobody writes about her. "Maybe I don't have enough sex appeal?"

This Los Angeles girl is usually seen—but not recognized—with a kerchief tied around her head. In spite of her informality, her green eyes, moist lips and honey-colored hair tell you that it's not a want of sex appeal that keeps headlines away.

The truth is that Gloria doesn't believe in exploiting her charms. She believes in hard work. At twenty-eight, she has starred in over twenty films, won an Oscar (best supporting actress in *The Bad And The Beautiful*) and Hollywood's respect.

Her mother, Jean Grahame, a successful English actress, once told her, "There are no shortcuts to a good performance. Never forget that."

Gloria never has. Ever since she left Hollywood High in 1942 to take an understudy job on stage, she has worked hard at acting. At other things, too. Her first two marriages —to Stanley Clements and Nick Ray —failed, but it wasn't for want of trying on Gloria's part. Now, since her third marriage to Cy Howard in August, 1954, she hopes that she has found the way to combine career and home life at last. Gloria's career is in its highest gear. After finishing *The Good Die Young* in England she went into *Not As A Stranger*, then began singing and dancing lessons for her role in *Oklahoma!*

But Gloria seldom manages to be on screen at the end of a movie.

"Honestly," she exclaims, "I've been killed in so many movies that I'm afraid to let my son Timmie see me on film!"

That's one reason why Gloria is looking for a comedy part. But she doesn't have to worry about Timmie's seeing her in the papers. "What counts," she says, "is performance, not publicity." And she means it.

tv talk continued from page 24

in color, don't think that the shades you see have any relationship to anything's real color. Everyone's hair, for instance, looks about five shades darker . . . We will bet our bottom dollar that none of **Liberace's** highly publicized romances comes to anything . . . Although everyone loves her for the person and show woman she is, **Ethel Merman** can demand as much service as anyone. La Merman insists on good billing, extra-special costumes, perfect lighting—and so on. The only time she ever even shared billing with another person was the time she sang with **Mary Martin.** And that, of course, was a very special case . . . Mary, by the way, has never been so happy over any performance of hers as she was over her appearance on *Person To Person.* Both she and her husband—who runs her career—thought she looked good and came over even better. She did, too. But she's not about to do a lot of television work. She and Dick don't care as much about the money (after all, they have money) as they do about what's good for Mary's career. Right now what she needs is a good long rest. She is exhausted after flying around as Peter Pan for months . . . You've never seen a more beautiful expectant mother than **Eva Marie Saint.** Now she really has everything she wants—a thriving acting career, a husband she loves, and impending motherhood. She is just beaming . . . I bet very few people remember a half-hour dramatic show on television starring **Marlon Brando.** There was such a thing, several years ago. And the reasons Brando did that show are a key both to producers who want him and to Brando's personality. (Read what Rocky Graziano says about this on the next page.) He agreed to act on the program because he admired the writers of the show as people and as writers, and because he got a chance to box on it. He was very proud of his fistic skill, and delighted with the idea of doing a prize-fight scene for real. His opponent was a young, and good, professional boxer; and, much to his surprise, Brando was a tough opponent! If the pro had really tried, of course, he could have knocked Brando out (and ruined the teleplay along with Brando). But the fight was as real as anything seen on live TV since. Brando got extra fun out of doing it because the pro, who had been fighting a real bout the night before the telecast, told him that he had given him his bruises. Not true, but music to Brando's ears . . . Everything you hear about **Eve Arden's** being a wonderful mother is true. Even though she and **Brooks West** have a baby of their own now, their three adopted children feel just as secure as they ever did—even more so. Eve and Brooks have been so diplomatic about the new baby that the three oldest children even feel a little sorry for him because he isn't adopted too! . . . After all these years in the San Fernando Valley **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz** have bought another house, this one nearer their work. Up until now, they had driven back and forth every day—a trip that takes about an hour each way—or, sometimes, rented an apartment near the studio to use on extra-hectic days. One reason they finally decided to move was the fact that they did not have to pay for all of the new place. How come? Because, instead of receiving money for some of their endorsements, they took the products. So, if you see a picture of Lucy advertising a certain brand of kitchen sink, you can believe her when she says that she has one just like it in her brand new kitchen! And likes it, too!



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BRANDO AND THE ROCK

In 1948 Graziano couldn't tell an actor—even Marlon—from a bum!

■ *Audiences marvel at Marlon Brando's fine portrayal of a hard-bitten, slightly punchy ex-fighter in* On The Waterfront. *He looks like a fighter, he talks like a fighter and he walks like a fighter. Tough, on his toes, ready to roll with the next punch. It's more than a performance; it's a raw chunk of life mirrored exactly. How does he do it?*

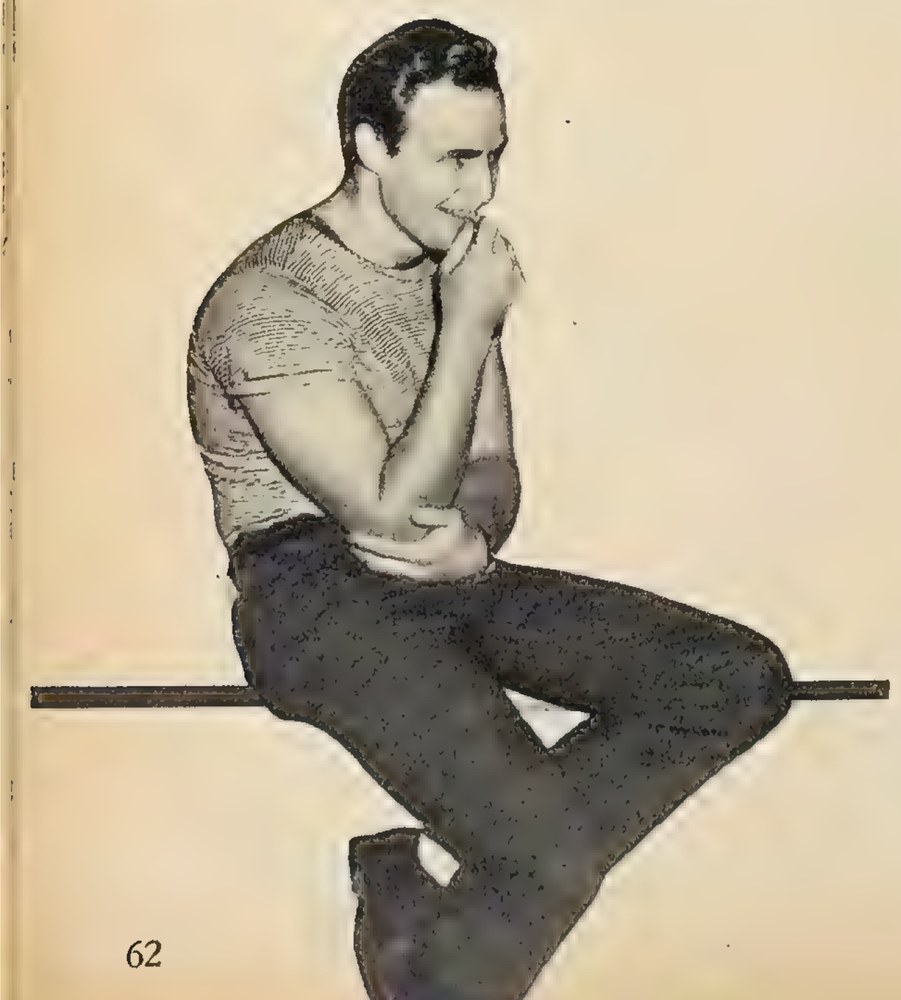
Rocky Graziano, the ex-middleweight champ, now on Martha Raye's show, tells a story about the brilliant young actor that may throw some light on this latest true-to-life portrayal of a pug.

"It was back in '48, I think, and I was training in Stillman's gym. Day after day, I keep seeing this young bum in blue jeans hanging around. I figure he is down and out and trying to make a buck being a fighter, so I get so I say hello to him every day. Finally, I asked him, 'When you going to fight, kid?'

"He tells me, 'I'm not a fighter, I'm an actor.' So I think for sure he's a bum, being an actor and dressing so crummy.

"A few days later, he tells me he's working in a Broadway play, something called *Streetcar Named Desire,* which don't sound like no play to me. But he asked me to bring my wife and come see it. 'Just come to the stage door and ask for Marlon and they'll let you in,' he says.

"I knew for certain he was nuts, but I tell my wife about it anyway, and she agrees that you gotta buy tickets to get inta a play like that. She says, 'What's your friend's name?' I tell her Marlo, or Brandon, or something like that. She says she knows I'm outa my head because Brando's the star and a big shot. 'Naw,' I said, 'he's only a broke guy trying to be a fighter.'



"Anyway, we go to the play and back at the stage door we asked for Marlon. Sure enough, the doorman comes back with a couple of good seats, right on the aisle. In a little while, the curtain goes up and I see this same guy up there on the stage. He's got on the same crummy clothes he wears down to the gym. But my wife says he's Marlon Brando, all right. And I say, 'Well, he's my friend.'

"After the show was over, Marlon rushes out and invites Norma and me backstage. He says for us to wait until he cleans up and we'll go out and eat a bite. Three minutes later, he comes back with his make-up washed off. But he's still got on the crummy shirt and the dirty jeans, and he puts on a crummier jacket. I was almost ashamed to go anywhere with the guy. He's worse than me about clothes. But at the place we ate, everyone seemed to like him and we had a good time.

"A few days later, he shows up at the gym again and asked me to come down to an acting school he's running. He says he wants me to meet some more actors. So we go down to a crummy old tenement on Ninth Avenue where everyone was sitting on the floor. Made me nervous, so I took a powder.

"Back at the gym, he doesn't say a thing about me running out on him at the acting school. In fact, a few days later, he stops me on the way to the showers and says, 'Rocky, I want you and your wife to watch me on television tonight. We're doing a show called *Come Out Fighting* and it's about fighters. I'd like to know what you think.'

"So that night, Norma and me tune in, and sure enough there is that guy, Brando. He's playing a fighter, all right. He's playing *me.* Every gesture, every word he says, even the way he fights—it's me. I can't believe it, It's like looking in the mirror. Then I get the point—all that time Brando was around the gym he was studying me. And he didn't miss a thing!"

so little time

(*Continued from page 46*) lined up with established talent such as Bogart, Ferrer and MacMurray, Bob had a few more things to learn. How to pose for still pictures. What not to say on an interview. How to meet countless people in jobs related to the industry and not forget their names. How to behave on the radio and television. How to remember everything that ever happened to him and hoard the anecdotes for distribution to the press. How to be polite to autograph hunters (even when they tore his clothes off).

No mistakes are allowed in these matters and there was no one to call on for help. Not the least of his problems was how to squeeze a week's work into one day.

The Caine Mutiny brought with it Bob's first trip inside a studio, but he didn't have much time to look around. He learned quickly but painfully. One day a studio publicist brought Bob face to face with his first editor. One of the most mannerly young men in all of Hollywood, Robert greeted the man politely, indulged in a brief conversation, and disappeared. The publicist cast a frantic eye over the set and finally spotted him, tucked away in a corner talking to Rosemary Bowe. Buttonholing him, she ladled out the necessary lecture.

"Son, listen to me. That man is an editor. E-D-I-T-O-R. When you meet an editor, you don't wander off. You stay with him for as long as he wants to stay with you. He is an important man. We want him to get to know you."

"Oh," mumbled Bob. "Sorry."

"His circulation," continued the publicist, "is one million, two hundred and one thousand copies per month."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bob.

In addition to burying such required information in his head, Bob accomplished his basic job—he delivered a polished performance in his first film. Then he was sent on a tour to publicize the picture. And another. And another. Then he made *They Rode West* and followed it with a tour. *The Long Gray Line* followed that, then *The Bamboo Prison* and still another tour. In less than a year, Bob made four movies and spent six months on the road—a phenomenal amount of activity for one single solitary human being.

But he learned. He found that a live audience didn't frighten him at all and he wondered why. Then he remembered that the Army had broken him in for it. Sent to Camp Roberts after his induction in 1950, Bob had the task of explaining the Army to all new men. "When you have to stand up in front of 2,000 guys who've been in the Army for four days and tell them *why* they're in the Army, you can handle any audience. You get so you're even prepared to dodge the tomatoes."

In public appearances he learned to turn tactless questions aside gracefully and even to get some interesting answers from the people he met. In a Hartford theatre a little girl approached him and expressed her gratitude for his being there. She said it was such a thrill for her because Hartford seldom saw celebrities. Bob smiled and thanked her, and carried the conversation according to Hoyle and Hollywood by asking what her father did for a living.

"Daddy?" said the youngster in an offhand fashion. "Oh, he's the Governor."

The son of solid, middle-class parents, Bob had never met anybody more important than his (*Continued on page 66*)

hollywood approved fashions for spring

Jane Powell looks as pretty as a spring blossom in *Prestige*—a slender linen dress that can also be worn either as a jumper or with the matching brief jacket, buttoned up the back. Soutache braid trims the dress and jacket. The dress has side-seam pockets. Periwinkle blue, navy, black or cork. Sizes 7 to 15. About $17.95. By Doris Dodson. Jane's Debtowners halter sling pumps are shown in detail on page 64. MGM's *Hit The Deck* is Jane's current film.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68.

In this issue:
Jewelry by Capri
Nylon stockings by Bur-Mil Cameo



Photograph by John Engstead

MORE FASHIONS ON PAGE 64 →

ACCESSORIES IN THE

All photographs by John Engstead



Terry Moore in a Carole King ensemble. Embroidered linen sheath—black, red or navy on white. 7 to 15. About $14.95. Straight rayon linen coat with three-quarter sleeves, big collar—black, navy or red with contrasting lining. 9 to 15. About $17.95. Terry's bag shown at right.



Rolfs Calvette *leather bag. Cherry or Basque red, black, tan, coffee. $10.95*.*



Meeker's brown Steerhide *bag. Also in blue, red, black, smooth* Kip *calf. $18**.*



Meeker's brown hand-colored Steerhide *bag; adjustable shoulder strap. $24**.*



Debtowners *black patent leather halter sling pumps, ornament on vamp. $9.95.*

* *plus Federal tax*
** *including Federal tax*

SPOTLIGHT



hollywood approved fashions for spring



Eyelash sandal. Black, red, white, blue, white bark, pink kid; black suede. $4.99.



Beaded moccasin. Russet glow, red, blue, black, white, cream, pink, ginger. $3.99.



Espadrille slip-on. Panama, charcoal, red, black with contrasting sole. $5.99.



Daisy skimmers. Canyon sand, turquoise, black, red, white, pink, blue. $4.99.

Mitzi Gaynor was chosen Chairwoman of the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood Fashion Board that voted on the award-winning Huskies shoe styles (shown left) by Hussco. Mitzi selected a pair of Huskies' hand-sewn, glove leather skimmers for her favorite sports outfit (Mitzi's own skirt topped with a classic Catalina cashmere sweater set). Rolfs handbag shown in detail on page 64. Other Board Members at the MODERN SCREEN Huskies fashion party were: Terry Moore, Jane Powell, Ann Miller, Richard Anderson and Roger Moore. Mitzi can be seen in Paramount's *Anything Goes;* Terry Moore in 20th's *Daddy Long Legs;* Ann Miller and Richard Anderson in MGM's *Hit The Deck:* Roger Moore in MGM's *Interrupted Melody.*

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS MAY BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 68





MODERN SCREEN *Board Members Jane Powell, Roger Moore, Richard Anderson and Ann Miller awarded the Huskies shoes by Hussco the* MODERN SCREEN *Hollywood Fashion Trophy.*

More fashions on page 67



FAIR EXCHANGE

Report on the marriage of Elizabeth Taylor and Michael "Legs" Wilding.

■ When Michael Wilding married Liz Taylor two years ago and came to Hollywood many movie fans thought, "What a gorgeous meal ticket!!"

What they and the movie colony didn't realize and still don't know is that Michael Wilding gave up a top-flight career to marry Liz.

At forty Mike was considered one of the two most popular motion picture stars in Great Britain. His earnings were sizable and his fan following tremendous. He was widely recognized as one of the most talented light comedians in the business. But then came Liz and love and marriage.

Like Stewart Granger, his best friend, Mike said goodbye to London.

MGM gave him a contract rather quickly. But for months Mike hung around town doing nothing. Then he was put into *Torch Song* opposite Joan Crawford. He played a blind pianist in that one, but Mike had relatively few closeups, and as one of his friends cracked, "The only part of Mike photographed in that picture was the back of his neck."

Mike was then loaned out to 20th to play the part of Pharaoh in *The Egyptian.* "In this film," he recalls, "I had an interesting costume, something like a nightshirt with sidecurtains over my ears. It took days before I learned to walk without tripping myself up."

Wilding's latest film is called *The Glass Slipper.* In this one he plays Leslie Caron's dancing partner. Before Wilding was signed for the part, a thorough investigation was made of his legs.

"In great confidence," Mike says, "they asked people if they knew what I looked like without trousers. They even asked Elizabeth. They were afraid I might be knock-kneed or bow-legged or somehow couldn't wear tights.

"Elizabeth told them she hadn't really thought about my legs. Finally, to relieve the suspense, I unveiled them."

Wilding claims that he likes Hollywood. "Especially the climate. It's a wonderful place to raise children, and you can ride around without your shirt. Quite wonderful, really. But it takes getting used to.

"Just can't get used," he adds, "to reading about how our marriage is going to pot. It's absolutely fascinating to find people who know more about our marriage than we do."

The Wildings, all three of them, are now safely ensconced in their new modern Beverly Hills home, a hill-top ranch house equipped with swimming pool and extra bedrooms to take care of the future Wilding children, the second of whom will probably arrive next summer.

Wilding's contract with MGM expires next June. At that time Mike expects to free lance. Choosing his own roles, he may yet arrive at the acting prominence he attained in Great Britain.

(*Continued from page 62*) college professors. When suddenly he was thrown in with the elite of every city and state he visited, he thanked Providence that his parents had always insisted on his being a gentleman. Mayors and governors joined the parades in which he rode, and on one such parade, in Minneapolis, his poise left him for the first time. There were nine cars in the string, tearing triumphantly through the city with flags waving and sirens screaming. Bob was in the fifth car and as it sped around a corner following the others, the siren died agonizingly and they found themselves suddenly stopped, bumper to bumper with the leading cars, which had turned into a dead-end street. It was an anticlimax that left everyone limp, not the least of whom was Bob, who flung *savoir faire* to the winds and collapsed in hysterics in the back seat.

He learned what it was to be dog-tired. He covered a city a day for seventeen days and soon found that except for noteworthy happenings that made him remember a city with clarity, most of them merged in his mind so that he couldn't remember them separately at all. He was in constant danger of telling the people in, for instance, Columbus how much he liked Toledo, and had to keep reminding himself what city he was in. Travel had been one of Bob's dreams and these trips were his first sight of most of the cities, and yet there was never time to see all he had wanted to see. In New York he went for a long walk beginning at five A.M., the only time he could squeeze out of his schedule to see Manhattan alone. The next morning, same hour, he bought roast beef sandwiches and coffee in a delicatessen and took a ride in a hansom cab.

He found that poise is a prime requisite of a Hollywood actor, for as such he collided with strange situations and people.

Outside a Providence theatre a crowd was held back by a rope as Bob passed, but when a knee-high boy held a paper and pencil high and squeaked that he would like an autograph, the mob acted as if on signal and surged past the rope like a tidal wave. The child went under like a stone, and Bob needed all his strength to rescue the boy from being trampled.

In New England, in zero weather, a press agent wanted May Wynn to stand on the sidewalk and sign autographs. It was not Bob's place to interfere, and the only thing he could do was suggest that somebody get May some fur boots to keep her feet warm, but he seethed inside at the unnecessary hardship for May.

In a midwestern city, Bob finished his stint in a parade, replete with Governor, and was then offered a car to do some private sightseeing. He had been on the road less than a half hour when a policeman pulled him over to the curb.

"Let's see your owner's license," said the cop.

Bob had no more idea on that than he had on the whereabouts of the Lost Chord, and said so.

"Where'd you get the car, bub?" said the officer.

"Why—I borrowed it."

"Oh, you did, did you? Well, this car answers the description of a stolen car, and I'm going to take you in."

It wasn't until he got to a telephone and called city officials that he could convince the arm of the law of its mistake.

THERE WERE CHARACTERS, too. In The Latin Quarter, a Boston nightclub, he was approached by a young man inquiring if he wasn't Robert Francis, the actor.

"Yes, I am," said Bob.

"Well. I just wanted to tell you how much I liked that (*Continued on page 68*)



Photograph by Roger Prigent

big news in small packages

■ Packed in a doll-size box for life-size dolls, the new *Queen-Size* Perma.lift girdle stretches with ease and fits your figure like a glove. Pure comfort all day long and trim, smooth lines for all your fashions. Comes in small, medium and large in girdle or pantie girdle styles. Only $2.95. To top this girdle style we feature Perma.lift's new embroidered cotton bra with magic insets for firm uplift and comfort. About $2.50.

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(*Continued from page 66*) scene in *The Caine Mutiny.* I thought it was swell. You know the one where you're drilling on the field with the rest of the men and when the line turns left you make a mistake and turn right?"

The man began to laugh and Bob smiled uncertainly, recalling that although the incident is in the book, it hadn't been in the movie. The man continued to laugh, slapping his thighs and dabbing the tears from his eyes. "That sure was a great scene!" he said at last. "Only the funny thing was, the theatre where I saw it had cut it out of the movie!"

The next morning at six A.M. the telephone next to his bed wakened Bob. The voice on the line belonged to the stranger of the night before.

"Is this Robert Wagner?" he said.

Bob rubbed his eyes. "Who?"

"Robert Wagner."

"No," said Bob.

"This isn't Robert Wagner, the actor?"

"No, it isn't," yawned Bob.

There was a slight pause. "Well, are there any actors up there?"

BACK HOME IN Hollywood, Bob finds new situations even with old friends. Those in the skiing circle regard the field of acting as something foreign as the moon's surface, but they are genuinely happy over Bob's success and don't hesitate to let him know it. There are others who don't want to admit they are impressed, and so they treat his new venture with sarcasm. "I would have gone to see the picture," they will laugh, "but I heard you weren't very good in it so I didn't bother." The critics have said otherwise, so Bob is aware that these people expect him to have changed.

"It's pretty crazy, the attitudes you bump into. And there's no reason for it. Two years ago nobody wanted to meet me, and now the only reason they do is that they've seen my face on the screen. That's all. They don't know me and I'm the same person I was. It's tough with friends because I can't very well go up to them and say, 'Look, I'm the same knothead you knew five years ago'—because I'd be the one bringing up the subject. If they treat this career sarcastically then there's nothing I can do except go along with them.

"I find interviews crazy, too, because what I have to say isn't too interesting, and yet people want to know. Sometimes I think I ought to wrap my car around a pole on my way to an interview so I'd have something to talk about. . . . It's nice, of course, to be given good tables in restaurants and nightclubs, but it makes me wonder. Why should I have a better table than somebody else just because I'm recognized as an actor? When I went into the Pump Room in Chicago they ushered us to a table and two minutes later the headwaiter came over and begged my pardon and asked us to move to a better table. It's embarrassing in a way."

THIS ATTITUDE defines Bob's modesty and levelheadedness. He is the product of parents who regard their three children with equal love and respect, and who are as excited about Bill's success in business or Lillian's family as they are about Bob's acting. Bob's own attitude toward his career is a happiness that he is doing something he enjoys and a prayer that he can go on succeeding.

It takes work. He spends about twenty-five hours a week in dramatics lessons, from both Benno and Batomi Schneider who have been coaching him all along. This is, of course, when he is in town and not working in a movie. "I like the life," he says, "because there is no definite pattern. Patterns are awful; they give you a trapped feeling."

That his days have no pattern is an understatement. When he came back from a long tour and had one day at home before he was scheduled to take off for a theatre managers' convention, he was asked to spend that day driving the 240 miles to and from San Diego where he judged a water skiing contest. The personal appearance tour for *They Rode West* delivered him back into Hollywood just two days before Christmas. He did all his holiday shopping the day before Christmas, towering over the mob scenes in department stores, and Christmas Eve he addressed and mailed his Christmas cards. People were wished a merry Christmas from Bob Francis on December 26, but then, everybody in town understands that he has less time to himself than a doctor in an epidemic of bubonic plague.

He would like to learn French and as a contractee at Columbia Pictures he has tutorage available to him, but not time. He would like to find an apartment closer to the studio, but there is no time to look for one. The reason he arises shortly after five A.M. is that he lives in his parents' home in Pasadena, and as any Pasadenan knows, you have to leave the house by six A.M. if you expect to avoid the crush of the morning traffic into Los Angeles and Hollywood. As a matter of fact, Bob has been looking at apartments for a year now, but as soon as he finds one he likes he is off on another tour. "If I'd taken one last summer," he says, "by the time I got to use it the year's lease would have been up."

He wants an apartment with one bedroom and contemporary furniture. ("Old things depress me, and I want a place that's bright and cheerful when I come home.") and one of these days, with luck, he'll be footloose long enough to find one. He wants time for romance, a thing which has necessarily gone by the boards (including his steady dates with Dorothy Ross) for lack of time. A guy can't court a girl with any sort of regularity when he never knows which state of the Union his next meal is coming from. Currently he makes a date at the last minute when an evening is sure to be his very own, and as of the moment has no special interest in any girl. When he's more certain of his career he hopes to get married, and when things have settled down he hopes again to own a ski shop.

THESE TWO THINGS, skiing and acting, are closest to his heart, and both have claimed him as an addict through his own persistence. The first time he skied he was eleven years old and tried it to please his brother. He didn't like it at first—he fell down and got tangled up and disgusted, and when he realized skiing presents a challenge he made up his mind to conquer it. By the time he was seventeen he was in the tournament class. As for acting, when the talent scout dragged him off the beach to show him to Universal-International and they shrugged and sent him to Batomi Schneider to study—when all that happened, Bob thought maybe this acting bit might possibly bring him enough money so that he could get back into the ski equipment business. Like skiing, he found it wasn't easy. It was a challenge, and by the time he'd mastered the challenge he was swallowed up in it, neck-deep in something he loved.

To a young man as persevering as all this and as handsome, as likable and as talented, all these things are sure to come. It shouldn't be too many years before Robert Francis can take time in the morning to see if it's raining before he kisses his wife goodbye and then stops off at his ski shop on the way to the dressingroom that has a star on the door. **END**

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How good a Hayward story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hayward story I've read

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How good a Gable story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Gable story I've read

3. Did you read the WILLIAMS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Williams story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Williams story I've read

4. Did you read the GLEASON story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Gleason story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Gleason story I've read

5. Did you read the BLYTH story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Blyth story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Blyth story I've read

6. Did you read the PECK story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Peck story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Peck story I've read

7. Did you read the GAYNOR story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Gaynor story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Gaynor story I've read

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How good a Monroe story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Monroe story I've read

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How good a Francis story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Francis story I've read

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How good a Lancaster story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Lancaster story I've read

11. Did you read the REYNOLDS story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Reynolds story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Reynolds story I've read

12. Did you read the HEPBURN story? ☐ No ☐ Only a part ☐ All of it
How good a Hepburn story did you think it was? ☐ Best I've read ☐ Very good ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Worst Hepburn story I've read

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13. The stars I most want to read about are:

a. _____ MALE
b. _____ MALE
c. _____ MALE
d. _____ FEMALE
e. _____ FEMALE
f. _____ FEMALE

Please check the spaces to the left of the phrases which best describe what you do:

14. ☐ I keep a scrapbook of movie stars
☐ I pin up or frame movie stars
☐ I used to keep a scrapbook but stopped
☐ I used to use pinups but stopped

15. My collection contains:
Check one: ☐ mostly color ☐ mostly black & white ☐ both kinds
Check one: ☐ full page size only ☐ any size
Check one: ☐ mostly female stars ☐ mostly male stars ☐ both
Check one: ☐ mostly big head shots ☐ mostly full length shots ☐ both kinds

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jackie gleason

(*Continued from page 35*) didn't have a qualm on any question. There he is, brandishing a glass and spouting off-color quips as fast as lightning. Or sitting around the $25,000-a-year duplex apartment that houses the Jackie Gleason Enterprises, Incorporated, and merely waving a hand to get service from an army of yes men that swarms all over—out in the kitchen, up in the little balcony, up in the bedrooms and rehearsal halls. Or, legs on a table, overseeing the expensive decorating job being done on his new, private apartment. Or running through his fast, one-day rehearsal being the big boss of a theatreful of observers, friends, hangers-on, actors and just plain fans who sneaked in. Or conducting script conferences at the head of the table up in his private office at the theatre, with everyone else relegated to sideline seats and guards keeping others out and away from The Great Gleason.

It's a great life, you say? It is, and Jackie is honestly grateful for all his fortune and fame. It's inside that he's miserable.

The symptoms are there for anyone to see. The most obvious one is Jackie's weight, which goes up and down like a barometer in a hurricane. It varies from a low of 185 up to 285 (where it was when he began his public dieting recently) and his closets have to be full of suits, jackets and slacks in all the many sizes he might need. A man who loves to eat—especially spaghetti and all the highly spiced Italian foods—and who likes his liquor—even triple shots—poor Jackie has had to starve himself on and off for years or he'd have been an even bigger blimp. He has lived on Rye Krisp during his dieting periods, or on steaks, or on graham crackers, or on lettuce and carrots and "skinny pills." He has retired to hospitals again and again and starved himself on doctors' orders (although he nearly always sneaked out to Toots Shor's and lived it up a little between intakes of carrots).

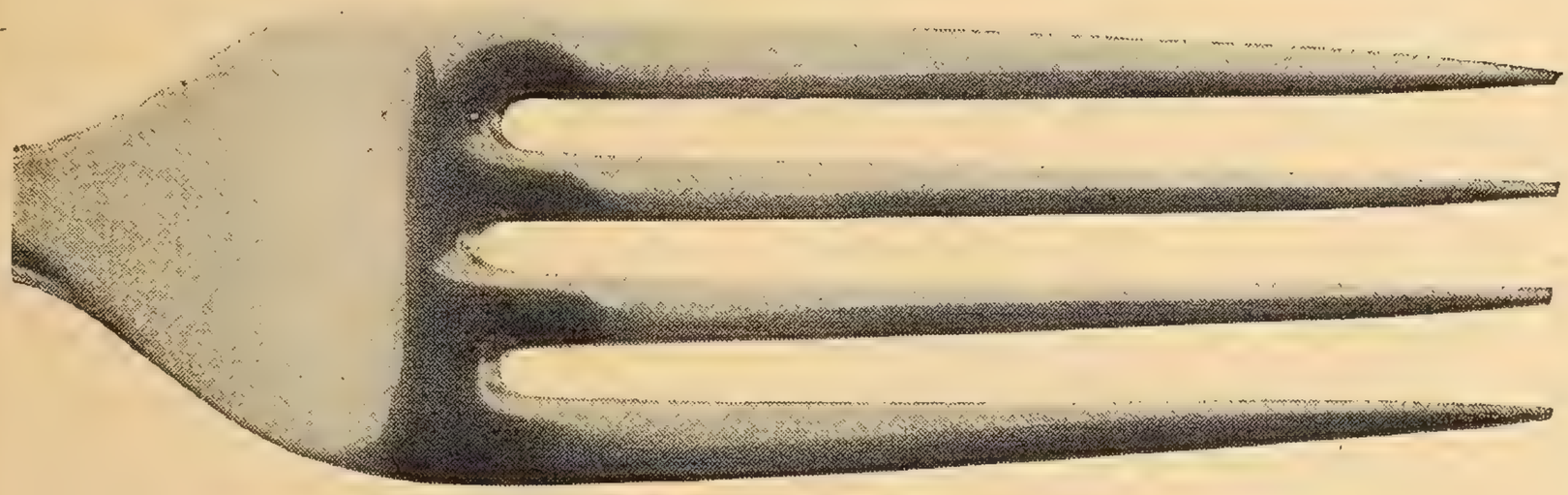
Anyone whose weight can rise so rapidly, and anyone whose weight can fluctuate so erratically, is a sick man.

Jackie is the first to admit it. He has beaten a path to scores of doctors trying to find a cure. He even tried a few psychiatrists. He himself has figured out part of what's wrong with him. He says that anyone who puts on weight has something bothering him, and eating gives that person a feeling of well-being. "If a guy could go out and get loaded, that would help. But a guy in this business has too much to remember, too much to think about. He can't get loaded. So I eat." What Jackie can't figure out is *what* is bothering him. So, when he isn't stuffing himself and even when he is—he tries to forget his unhappiness by keeping frantically busy.

GLEASON NEVER SLEEPS more than four hours a night. The rest of the time he is active, constantly—as though he were running away from himself. He insists on watching every line in his script. He checks the music, the camera angles, the costumes, the dance routines, everyone on his show. He collects books on hypnotism and mental telepathy—on all things occult (another sign that he is searching) and reads them, ferociously, three and four at one sitting. Although he cannot read or write music, he hums a tune and orders an orchestration of it. He records music albums, picking out all the numbers he himself doesn't compose and waving a baton in front of the orchestra. He hands a room in his duplex over to a writer because he wants to put his (*Continued on page 72*)

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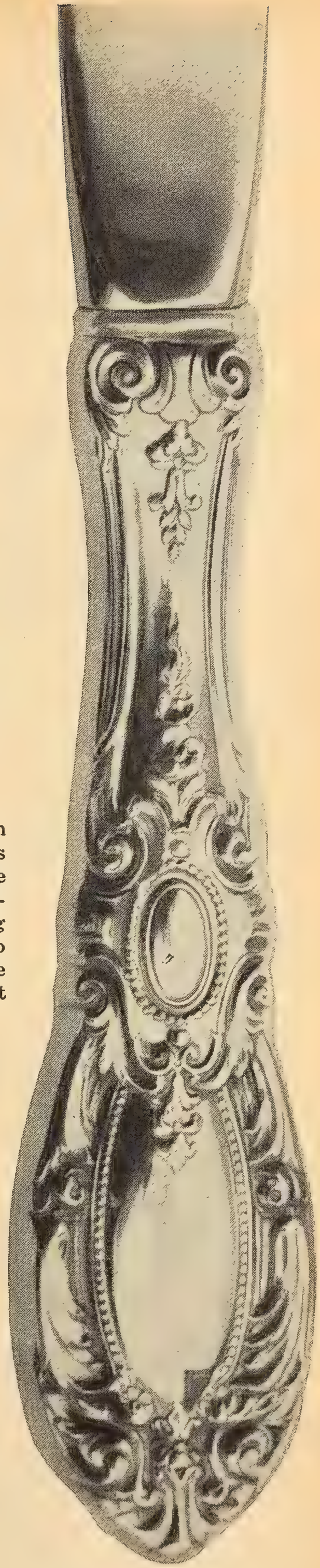


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the shampoo that glorifies your hair!



for dry, oily, normal hair

(*Continued from page 70*) biography on the stands. He tries to write novels, and, failing, tries to hire people to write out his plots for him. Not satisfied with just being a top banana, he wants to act seriously—and does, memorizing those scripts just as fast as he does his own. He keeps getting ideas for television shows and works on the production of the pilot films. He wants to make movies. He wants his Enterprises to branch out and go into non-show business lines like frozen foods. Jackie is never still. He probably keeps turning even during those four hours of sleep.

This frenetic activity has always been characteristic of Milton Berle's "three favorite comedians." Back before he was a huge hit, back when he was hungry and out of work, Jackie couldn't keep still. When he wasn't performing, he'd go to a nightclub and heckle whoever was. Or he'd stay up all night making merry and annoying the neighbors. One time, when he was an all-night disc jockey, he got bored with the routine of just playing records and talking between them, and threw a knock-down, drag-out party complete with refreshments and pretty girls. He got fired—as he knew he would—but he could not overcome the compulsion To Do Something. Even though his wife, whom he married very young, and his two girls needed the pay envelope from that job.

ALL THIS HUSTLING and bustling is just part of the Gleason make-up. One other characteristic is his extravagance. Not just with money, but with words and gestures. He never sends anyone a dozen roses; he sends thirty-six and a little something extra. When he saw a vicuña coat he liked, he ordered a dozen of them—at some $300 per coat. When he diets, as we've noted, he does not cut down; he cuts out. When he hires an orchestra for his show, he has to have a big one. When he has dancers, he wants more than anyone else has. When he has a crowd scene on his show, he insists on a bigger crowd. As one observer put it, "He wants more people than *Ivanhoe.*" When he takes a country place for the summer, he decides that one is not enough and takes another—maybe a third, too. When he has an operation, he goes to Switzerland to have it. When he drinks, he never sips; when he eats, he never nibbles.

Jackie has always had this extravagant streak. He never hesitated to run up astronomical bills all over town, even in the days when his career was going nowhere fast. He didn't used to borrow $5 or $10; he'd ask for $500. (He paid everyone back when he got in the chips.) When he was struggling along as a comic in small saloons, he didn't pick a fight with a puny ringsider; he invited "Two-Ton" Tony Galento outside—and got his block knocked off.

Always dynamic, even back in Brooklyn as a kid, Jackie lost his wife's love because of his excesses. Genevieve, from whom he had been separated many times before the final break came, just couldn't take it. She accused Jackie of not being able to adjust to his success, and berated him for having a too-fabulous wardrobe, over-expensive jewelry, and too-elegant surroundings. Genevieve did not believe anyone should spend money with such reckless abandon—or so she said in her legal petition for more money. Jackie's free-wheeling came as no surprise to her, however. Any man who borrows $500 and blows it in one nightclub outing is not going to turn into a miser when he gets in the chips. Just as any man who does not hesitate to ask a friend for a big hunk of money is not going to turn down his indigent pal when he is loaded.

Gleason is as generous as he is generously proportioned. He may not see his old boyhood friends all the time, but he remembers them with presents, he's available for a touch, and he scatters their names all through his TV sketches. He is also followed by as large a retinue—which he supports—as any man in the business. His extravagance works both ways—things for himself and things for everyone he loves. And, looking at his face, which can break into the sweetest smile this side of an Ivory Soap ad, you know that here is a sweet man as well as a generous one.

He is just too flamboyant to be consistent. "Nothing in moderation" is the Gleason motto. When he gets mad at rehearsals, he does not draw the offender aside and whisper a light reprimand in his ear. Jackie yells at him in front of everyone. When he is frustrated by something or someone, he gets stomach aches, and will pull a tantrum at the drop of a "No" from a yes man.

All of this, as Gleason is the first to admit, is not normal. A man without self-discipline is a man without peace.

AND GLEASON CRAVES peace. He doesn't want to spend his twenty waking hours seven days a week in a rat race. That is why he is subject to fits of melancholy—despondency as deep as his hilarity is high.

He is envious of everyone who is at peace with the world. This is one reason he and Art Carney have that rapport that comes as a surprise to everyone who meets them for the first time. There is Art, a devoted and very happy family man who prefers being quiet, always polite, and never torn apart—and is always like that. And there is Jackie—noisy, sharp-spoken, and tormented. Art is too strong within himself to envy his boss, but he admires Gleason for his consummate skill as a comedian and for his generosity as a human being. Jackie, on the other hand, envies Art. He envies every man who is happy. And he is searching for something that can make him calm.

Why is Jackie always cataclysmic, never calm? For the answers to that, you have to go back to his childhood. It wasn't easy for Jackie. His only, and older, brother died when he was three. His father did not come home one night when Jackie was eight, and has not been heard from since. To this day, Jackie does not know whether Mr. Gleason walked out on the family or met with foul play. Then his mother died when he was sixteen, leaving him alone in the world with thirty-six cents in his pocket. A childhood like that one is enough to ruin a man forever. What Jackie's detractors should remember is that it is amazing he mustered any spunk at all after that series of family disasters.

But even as a boy, Jackie was full of spunk. When he wanted to move nearer a grammar-school flame, he packed all the family belongings into a junk wagon and wheeled them over to another apartment all by himself. (As he got older, he was one of the boys who hung around the corner drugstore and cracked wise remarks at all the passersby. That, too, takes spunk of a sort.) The day his mother was buried, he emceed a stage show in a movie house because it paid $4 and he needed the money. That takes real intestinal fortitude—and it is a gesture that leaves a scar.

JACKIE'S RELIGIOUS upbringing, which left him with deep convictions, gives him what peace he has. In spite of years of batting around burlesque houses and nightclubs, he is very religious. And his religion says that a man and wife are married for life. That is the main reason he kept returning to Genevieve and his daughters time after time—even though he and Genevieve were incurably incompatible. It wasn't, as some have charged, only because he was down and out. It was his con-

science that drove him back to his family—and that, more recently, took him to Genevieve's bedside when she was hospitalized. The only reason he doesn't see his daughters more often now—outside of the time-consuming work demands he has placed on himself—is that he feels guilty because he has a sixteen-year-old daughter and a twelve-year-old daughter who live in another apartment a few blocks away from their father. This arrangement, to Jackie, is wrong. But there is nothing he can do about it.

So he gads about, buys another sports jacket, formulates another format. Every day he gets richer, busier, more boisterous.

Those who know Jackie and love him rejoice for the pleasures he gets out of life, but they know they are momentary and monetary. When, they wonder, will he be able to relax and be happy? **END**

mad about the boy

(*Continued from page 41*) puzzling to Mitzi as to the public.

Once before, Mitzi had been engaged for a long time, to a young lawyer named Richard Coyle, a fine gentleman, handsome and successful. Yet, with the date of marriage almost upon them, Mitzi called it off.

"I was terribly unhappy about everything," Mitzi recalls. "We had become engaged when I was only fifteen, and four years later I realized that I had been too young to know what love really meant. Certainly, I was fond of Richard, but I didn't feel strongly enough to be married."

After she broke that engagement, Mitzi was unhappy, worrying about how much she had hurt Richard. Curiously, it was an incident involving her erstwhile fiancé that showed Mitzi a very attractive quality in the possession of her future husband, Jack Bean. She and Jack were having dinner on one of their first dates when young Coyle entered the restaurant. It was an uncomfortable, dramatic moment. Mitzi said at once that she wanted to leave.

"Richard never had done anything to make me feel uncomfortable," she says in retrospect. "He's a fine man and a gentleman. But this was the first time he had seen me out with someone else, and I felt guilty."

At the time, Jack Bean asked no questions. As she had requested, he took her home. When they reached her apartment, he asked, "Why don't you tell me about it?"

The words came tumbling out every which way, and Jack heard her out, his quiet grey eyes on her face. He had been crazy about this girl from the night they met, but now he refused to comfort her with phony philosophical phrases.

"Sure, you hurt him," Jack said, honestly. "But not so much as you think. And not so much as you would have hurt him by marrying when you had fallen out of love. Breaking the engagement was the only fair thing to do."

MITZI WAS EASED in her heart, and greatly impressed that she could sit and talk with this young man about another young man, trusting to his adult understanding. All this should effectively clear up the reasons behind the long-delayed wedding. You just don't leap from one long romance to another without making sure.

Still, there were other reasons. Jack Bean, who had been an agent with Music Corporation of America, had just switched to his own public relations office, and he wasn't about to jump into a publicity-rich elopement like many another so-called

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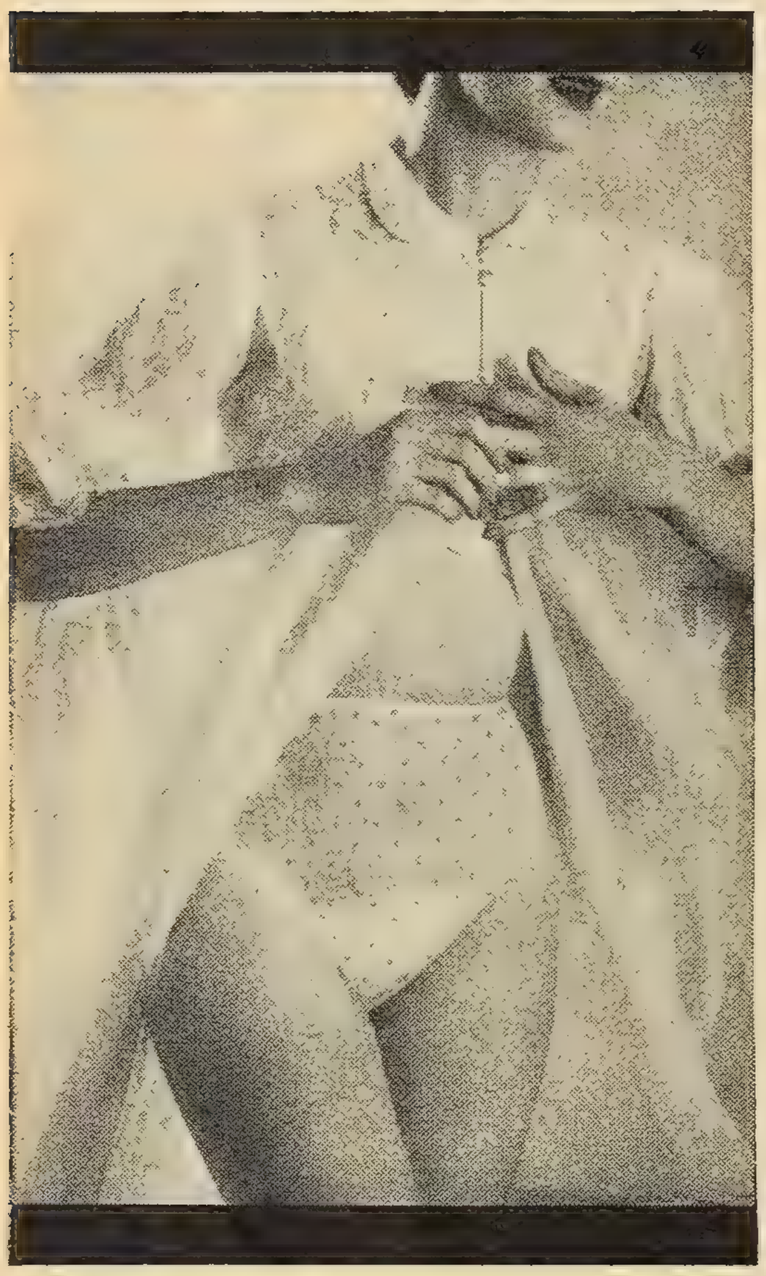
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"nobody" who marries a movie star. He wanted to be settled. And Mitzi's mother had to be considered, for she had been associated with her daughter's career too long to allow anyone to observe that she had been unceremoniously "dumped."

So there hasn't been a conventional honeymoon, with two young people who are practically strangers walking hand-in-hand into a rainbow of happy-ever-after.

Happily, Mitzi's mother, a wonderful woman, had her own plans.

After that, there was the problem of finding a house. "Believe it or not," Jack says now, "that delayed our marriage for a long time."

Weeks before the marriage they finally did find a home, high up in Bel Air. One they really wanted to live in until they could build their own. They signed the lease, wrote a check for the first and last month's rent. Then, with Mitzi's mother opening a flower shop in the Town and Country Market, Mitzi's career zooming and Jack's business booming, there could not have been a more auspicious time than November, 1954, to confound the cynics.

THEY WERE MARRIED in the San Francisco home of Mr. and Mrs. William French, dear enough to be considered family by Mitzi. Mitzi's close friend, Yvonne Ruby, was her maid of honor; Jack's best man was his best friend and business partner, Bob Rose.

"Mitzi was very calm about the whole thing," Bobby says. "Jack? You know how people say he's such a relaxed guy that it's hard to imagine his getting excited? Well, let's just say that he was as excited and nervous as anyone could imagine."

Poor Bobby. Accustomed as he is to being cast as comic relief in the lives of his friends, this time he found himself squirming in the role of the heavy. The day Mr. and Mrs. Bean arrived in New York on their honeymoon, Bob called to say, "Hey, you don't have the house after all. The owner didn't cash your check or sign the lease, and now the whole deal's off. Guess you'll have to move into Mitzi's apartment for a while, Jack." That started things off on a gladsome note.

The second day there was another call from Bobby. "Uh—Jack, who handles the insurance on your car? Well, I was driving it around to keep the battery up, like you said, and some guy hit me."

On the third day his cheerful message was, "You know about Mitzi's giving notice when you thought you were going to get the house? Well, they've rented her apartment as of the first of the month. I guess we'd better move her things over to your place until you find something else."

By this time Mitzi was holding her head. She estimated Jack's entire apartment to be the size of a card table. But Bobby wasn't through. He capped his earlier performances with a call the next day. "Hey, *you* gave notice, too, and now they've rented your apartment. Now you haven't got *any* place to live!"

It has all the earmarks of a practical joke, but unfortunately everything Bob said was true. The young Beans were discouraged enough to give up their honeymoon, check into a Hollywood hotel, and start looking for living quarters of any nature. A friend living in Mitzi's apartment building proved to be wonderfully resourceful, however, nailing down a two-bedroom suite there just in time for their homecoming.

SUCH A MUCH, just like in the movies. A *hausfrau* right down to her bones, Mitzi couldn't wait to get at the place that first day; it had to be gleaming for Jack. "And when I start cleaning," she admits, "you'd better stand back or you'll find yourself in with the rest of the wash!" She unpacked and stored, cleaned and scrubbed, waxed and polished; there was barely time to ease her aching body through a bath before Jack came home, but Mitzi could look around with pride at a spotless, immaculate apartment.

Enter the bridegroom, still stinging with disappointment over the lost house in Bel Air. "Ah, this crummy joint!" he said bitterly. "Let's get out of here, the sooner the better!"

To his utter astonishment, the little woman burst into tears, just like in the movies, for no reason whatever that he could see. Hands on hips, Jack glared at her. *"Now, don't start that,* honey. Don't cry, honey. Aw, please don't do that. What did I do? What's the matter, honey?"

But don't think he's soft. He tolerates no nonsense. Although Mitzi loves to cook and is an expert in the kitchen, almost every noon it is Jack, big and not too deft, rattling around among the pots, pans and cans. "How's your soup? Okay?" he asks her, as anxiously as if he had slaved over a hot stove all day. Jack doesn't believe in spoiling new wives.

He's thoughtful, sensitive, and very bright. "Every time he opens his mouth I don't know what he's talking about," Mitzi remarked proudly the other day. "All those big words!"



BEING MORTAL and therefore not perfect, Jack does have one addiction that amounts to a secret vice in Hollywood; he likes to read stories about his bride. Why? "Because I learn more about her from them. Each story has a different angle and, in reading them, I find Mitzi expressing herself on subjects we haven't even touched yet. I find facets of her personality revealed that confirm impressions of my own which I haven't had time to sort out. I like to read the stories because they help me to understand her."

Mitzi and Jack are still looking for that house, a reasonably small one suited to the needs of a honeymoon couple. It's the only part of their planning that hasn't worked out, but it will. And later, of course, there will have to be a larger place on account of the children. "I want two but Jack says more. So maybe there'll be three."

Mitzi has only one quarrel in all the world—with Emily Post, who says that one never, never congratulates the bride. According to Mitzi, an exception ought to be made for her. She has married a large, handsome and very masculine gent, and that's a rare combination anywhere these days. END

(Mitzi Gaynor can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's There's No Business Like Show Business.)

we could write a book

(*Continued from page 32*) together they make copy fly like popcorn.

"Our itinerary is requested," Esther informed him.

"No soap," said Mr. Gage. "I intend to write it myself. Should make a very funny best-seller."

"Oh, relax," said Esther. "You know you'll never get around to writing it."

And with that they began to spew anecdotes so fast that the studio press agent at my left had to spoon my dinner into me so that my hands were free for taking notes. The show was a "break-in" for the future, they said, because they plan, beginning in the spring of 1956, to devote half their time each year to a traveling aquacade. Esther had been lukewarm about the whole idea, principally because it would mean leaving the children behind.

"Look," said Ben. "The road is exciting. It's an adventure. It's fun. And it'll only be a few weeks."

THE TOUR WAS BOOKED to open in Albany on September 5. *Jupiter's Darling*, Esther's picture, wound up tardily in mid-August, which gave them just two weeks to get their own show together. Miraculously, they opened on schedule, and naturally, Albany was a hodepodge of rewriting, trimming and adding to the show.

The opening over, they took off for Hartford, following on the heels of hurricane Carol. The city was a shambles, trees uprooted, the streets littered, the citizens dazed. And no sooner had the troupe settled itself in the hotel than the radios began blasting warnings about a new hurricane. Edna was on her way, they said, and if people wanted to live through it, they'd better batten their hatches, fill their bathtubs with water, stay inside their homes and nail their children to the walls.

"What a jolly day for an opening," said Esther.

"Dandy," groaned Ben.

The others weren't so flip. Coming from California, they were conditioned to earthquakes, but not to hurricanes. With pea-green faces they shuffled through the hotel, studying its structure and calculating their chances. The morning brought rain and high winds and the news that Edna would hit with full force about noon.

"You might as well give a show in the middle of the Mojave Desert," said Esther. "There's no sense to this. I'm going home, that's what I'm going to do. I'm going home."

But noon passed, and so did one o'clock, and Edna took her eye elsewhere. Ben and Esther, devouring details from the radio, breathed a sigh of relief, and bolted for the phone. "This is Ben Gage and we've got a show going on at three this afternoon. I understand there's no longer any danger, that the winds have gone and the weather's mild. Would you broadcast

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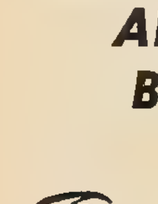
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DELL COMIC

the news that our show will go on today as planned?"

"Be happy to, Mr. Gage, but the wind just blew down our transmitter."

The first show went on as scheduled, and the theatre built for 3000 people contained 500 brave souls. Ben opened with some ad lib announcements. "The Pratt & Whitney night shift," reported the man whose ear had been glued to the radio all morning, "does not have to report for work. The golf tournament has been canceled, and the Annual Fly-In of Light Planes to Nantucket Point is not to fly in. Keep your Piper Cubs on the ground." He gave them an added word of encouragement. "With all the insurance companies here in Hartford, Edna wouldn't *dare!*"

ATLANTIC CITY was next, and while they packed, the radio volunteered some interesting information. Atlantic City, it seemed, had just suffered the worst Miss America contest in its history. Nobody was in town. The news of the hurricane had sent the tourists scurrying for home, and the highways between the shore resort and Philadelphia were jammed with people fleeing the coast.

"I'm going home," wailed Esther, and the rest of the troupe eyed each other nervously.

A booker, up from Atlantic City to catch the show, waved cheerily as he left them. "Well, see you on the Steel Pier in Atlantic City," he said.

"Have you checked lately?" said Ben. "The Pier is probably in Camden by now."

"You can't give a show without an audience," said Esther. "I'm going home."

"Now, now, dear," said Ben, and began arranging transportation. Whereupon he learned the interesting fact that you cannot go directly from Hartford to Atlantic City on either plane, train or bus. Transfer is necessary, and with an elephant, twenty-two people, a water fountain and seventy-five pieces of luggage, it is not advisable to attempt transfer, particularly in the middle of the night. The elephant, fountain, wardrobe trunk and Ben's golf clubs were loaded on a truck for the trek, and the rest of the group, with accoutrements, piled into a rented bus for the ten-hour trip. It was Sunday night, and the show was due to open on Steel Pier at one o'clock the next day. They were tired and hungry, but the restaurants they passed were closed, due to the combination of the Sabbath, the hour and Edna. They finally convinced a policeman that they would either eat something somewhere or turn into a busload of cadavers, and that gentleman obliged by persuading the owner of a restaurant to open his door at one A.M. The troupe sated itself with the proprietor's highly-touted onions and cheese and climbed back into the bus, which then took on the aroma of very old *lasagna.*

Esther went to bed, a process involving the placement of her *derrière* on a bus seat, her feet in the aisle, and her head pillowed on a bass drum. Ben covered her with a mink coat and whispered a soft goodnight which was lost in the sound of the rap-rap-rap of the bus exhaust. Esther looked up at him blearily. "Is this the fun you were telling me about?"

At eight A.M. they arrived in Atlantic City, quite gamey, and spilled out of the bus into the fresh air. A swim in the Atlantic (Esther's first) took away the onions and cheese and restored spirits, and shortly before nine Esther hopped into bed in the hotel. "I've got to sleep fast," she said. And while she slept the rest of the troupe went to Steel Pier on a scouting party, cased the dressingrooms, placed the water fountain, hung draperies, and in general got the place ready for the show. When they returned to the hotel, Esther was awake and bright-eyed.

"Well!" she chirped. "Let's take Atlantic City by storm!"

"I'm glad *you* feel fine," said Ben. We're pooped."

"Ah, the sea, the sea," said Esther, not to be undone. "Listen to it pound. I feel great! Let's go on our big adventure!"

Virginia Darncy, hairdresser, tried to warn her. "The dressingrooms, Esther, you're not going to like—" Seven hands clapped over Virginia's mouth.

Esther opened the window and took a deep breath. "This is wonderful," she said. "Wonderful!" Then she looked at Virginia. "What am I not going to like?"

"Come on, dear," coaxed Ben. "Hal got us a nice limousine, and we can drive over to the pier."

"What am I not going to like?" demanded Esther. "What about the dressingrooms?"

But they herded her into the car, along with Virginia, who continued to have her mouth covered whenever she opened it. They drove through streets and over the boardwalk and through a tunnel and stopped before the stage door.

"It looks like a mine entrance," shuddered Esther.

"What matters is where you work," offered Ben.

When she saw where she was to work, Esther wasn't much happier. The floorboards backstage seeped with water, the walls were mildewed, and every time a breaker hit the pilings supporting the pier, the whole structure moved slightly. Esther grew ominously quiet.

The Gages had one of the worst double cases of stage fright in history and it was very apparent in the first show; in the second they were over it and the sailing was easy. Marlene Dietrich, who closed, was their crutch. She counseled, "Go out and look at them and they'll love you. Just remember—whatever you do is too good for them!"

Mike Connolly in The Hollywood Reporter

"At least you can swim," said Virginia comfortingly.

"One week here," mumbled Esther. "Let me see my dressingroom."

The rest of them had seen her dressingroom, a cubicle so small that Esther's hoop-skirted ball gowns couldn't be squeezed into the space, let alone Esther. They looked at her as though she had a short fuse. And Esther looked at the dressingroom. "My laundryroom at home is a glamorous establishment by comparison."

"I tried to tell you," said Virginia.

ESTHER'S HIGH SPIRITS, her joy at being once again near an ocean, had withered and the first show didn't help matters. To begin with, Steel Pier's theatre is shaped somewhat like Fifth Avenue. "So long and so thin," said Esther, "that looking out at the audience it seemed as though all 2900 of them were sitting in one long line. I was sure that the 2870 sitting back of the thirtieth row couldn't even see the stage, let alone me. And that long white light that came at me—it was like being impaled!"

The situation grew thinner when Esther, draped in her sequinned bathing suit, stepped into the water fountain and waited expectantly for the water to begin fountaining. It never did. "You've no idea how dry your skin can feel when you know you're supposed to be wet," reported Esther. "It began to curl, all over me. I felt like a Frito."

It was one of those moments that re-

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quires *savoir faire,* and Esther rose to it. "Ladies and gentlemen, this water fountain was invented by my husband, to whom I shall speak very shortly. Will you please come back some other time? I'm sure that with all this ocean around us and under us, we'll manage to have water come out of the fountain in the future."

Bowing off, she was caught by members of the troupe to prevent her from hurtling into the rotted wood of the stage walls.

"Well!" she fumed. *"Well!* I'm going home! Straight home!"

At this inopportune moment, Mr. George Hammid, manager of Steel Pier, chose to make his entrance. He approached with extended hand. "May I introduce myself?" he said politely, and was stopped short in his tracks by the pointed finger of an irate Miss Williams.

"You! You, for one! Take those flowers you sent me and put them in the dressingroom I can't get into!"

"See you later," Ben said to the astonished Mr. Hammid, and whisked Esther to the stage entrance. "We've got to get her into the car," he said, "or she'll go back to California in her bathing suit."

Back at the hotel, Esther sat and steamed while Ben tried to settle her down. Other members of the show huddled in the next room, their ears flattened to the wall. They decided never to unpack, since they might return to California momentarily.

"I'm not going back there," announced Esther. "I refuse to do another show."

"The water will work next time. I promise."

"Hmphh," said Mrs. Gage.

"Look, honey, think of the experience you're getting. This is the groundwork for the aquacade. You can't quit now."

"Yes I can," said Esther.

"Think of the rest of the crew. Think of *them!*"

Esther shook her head. "I can't help it. I'm through. I'm going home."

Ben disappeared for twenty minutes, during which time Esther called her home, her agent and her studio, using the telephone for a wailing wall. When Ben returned, he dumped piles and piles of money into her lap.

"There now," he said soothingly, "Look at that! And it wasn't easy getting it—the box office wanted to count it first. See—that much is theirs, and all this is ours. Think what it will do for our children's future. Think of the kids."

"I *am* thinking of them," Esther wept.

THE THING ABOUT Esther is that you can't keep her down for long, and once she followed with a successful show (during which the waterworks worked), her spirits began to soar. She and Ben grew to know George Hammid well enough for Esther to sound off in her inimitable fashion.

"How long has it been since you've seen the dressingrooms?" she demanded.

"A long time, I guess." Hammid shrugged. "We've had lots of stars here and they've never complained."

"That's because they're more patient than I am," said Esther. "You come back there with me and look. George, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Evidently Mr. Hammid was, for he took Esther's ribbing and by the time they left, new dressingrooms were being built.

By the time they took Columbus and opened in Detroit, the show was going on all cylinders. But Esther was drooping again. Susie's first birthday would fall on October 1, and over and over again she tried to think of some wonderful gift that would make up for their absence.

"Send her a wire," flipped Ben.

"You're a big help, you and your humor," said Esther.

She began to notice the knot in her stomach that day by day seemed to grow tighter and tighter. And when Ben came back to the hotel late one morning after his first golf game since leaving home, she looked at him with a martyred expression. "I hope you're real happy. I'm glad *somebody* can get away from all this pressure!"

That night at dinner, the eve of Susie's birthday, a worried Ben asked what in the whole world could cheer up Esther.

"That's easy," she said dreamily. "If I could just walk into the nursery with Benjy and Kim and Susie and a big paint book, life would be beautiful."

"And so," Ben says now, "I knew I had to get those cats to Detroit somehow. I called Jane Boyd, our nurse. It was then six-thirty in Los Angeles and the kids were having their dinner. I told Jane to get the kids on a plane to be in Detroit by ten-thirty the next morning. She said it was impossible but I said it had to be done and hung up. And that did it."

The next morning he rose early, allowing two hours for the drive to Willow Run airport. As he dressed, Esther opened one eye and looked at him supiciously.

"Where are *you* going?"

"Play golf," lied Ben briefly, pulling a sweater over his head. He was already in the doghouse from the game yesterday, but golf was the only excuse he could think of to get away to meet the plane.

"On Susie's birthday?" wailed Esther. "You couldn't!"

"Didn't you send her the wire?" he said.

"One of these days—Pow!" said Esther. "Besides, we have a radio interview before the show."

"I'll be back in time. I promise. I'll only play thirteen holes or something, but I've just got to get out on the course. I feel awful."

"You and your grass and trees," muttered Esther. "I don't know why the elephant didn't step on your golf clubs instead of planting her big fat foot on my hat." As Ben went out, Esther threw a shoe at his departing back. "Enjoy yourself, dear," she said through gritting teeth.

WHILE BEN WEAVED his way through Detroit traffic, Esther was calling home. The phone was answered by Dr. Raymond LaScola, the Gages' pediatrician who had been staying in their guest house since his own home burned. The doctor, of course, had been up half the night helping poor Jane get the youngsters ready for the trip. And now, hearing Esther's voice, he was on uncertain ground.

"Where are the kids?" Esther said.

The doctor coughed. "Hmm? Has anything happened yet?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Esther. "I just want to talk to my kids. Put Susie on. If it takes her twenty-five minutes to even hiccup, I'll hang on. just so I can hear her."

"Susie's asleep," said the doctor.

"Oh. Well, let me speak to Benjy."

"He—uh—he's doing a show."

"At eight-thirty in the morning?" howled Esther.

"Well, you know how nursery schools are. They don't know how to live."

"How about Kim?"

"Where Benjy goes, Kim goes. You know that."

"What's Benjy doing in the play?"

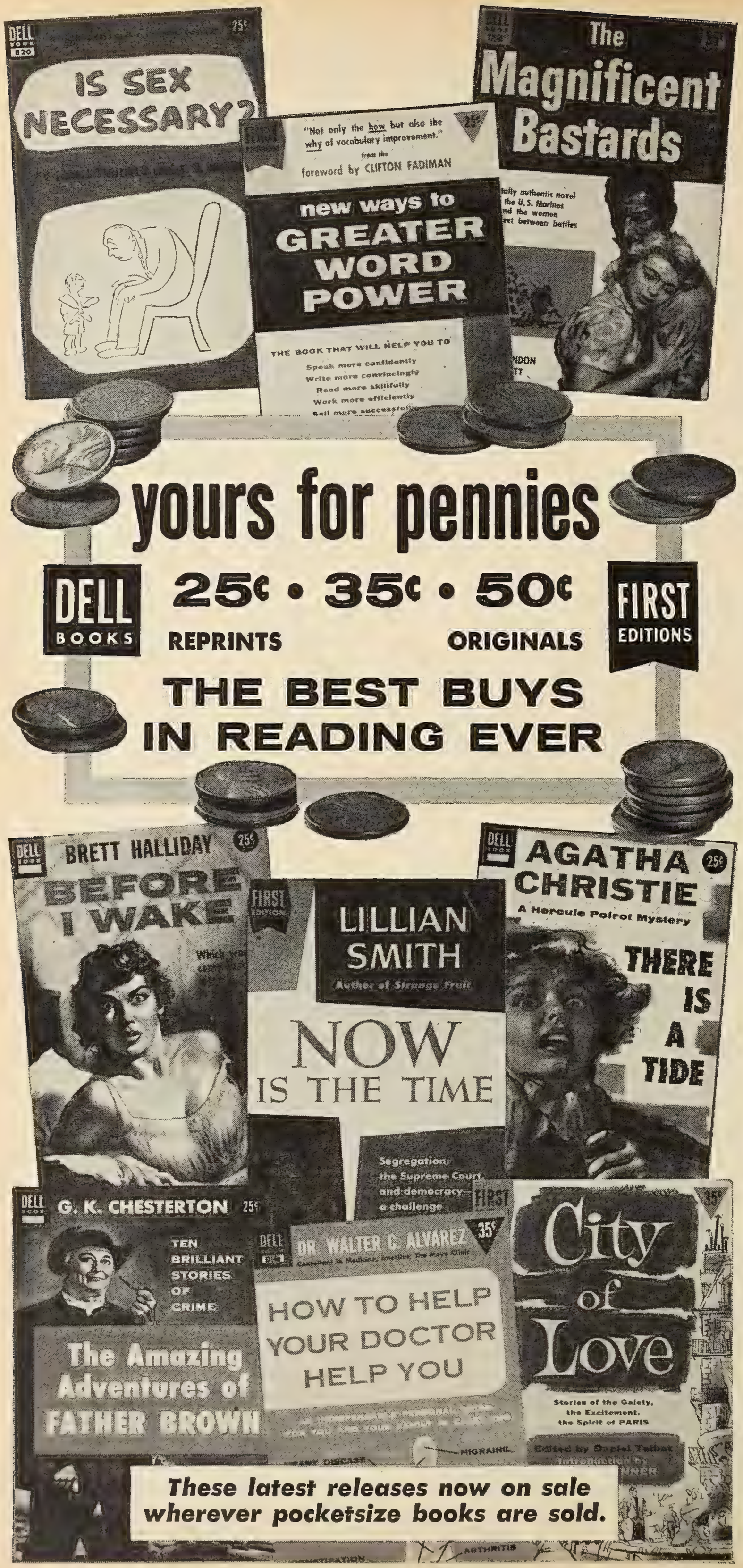
"I believe he's a cocker spaniel this time," said Dr. LaScola.

Esther giggled. "He's not the type. Ray, what are you going to do about your breakfast?"

"Why don't you let me worry about that?" said the Doctor. "Don't go planning my breakfast from Detroit."

Once they had hung up the doctor exhaled noisily, and Esther dragged out suitcases to begin packing for the trip to Indianapolis the next day. She was still packing when Ben walked into the room,





with Kim behind him. Having temporarily forgotten Indianapolis, Ben froze at the sight of the luggage. She really *is* mad, he told himself. This time she means it.

AND THEN ESTHER looked up. Now Esther, without glasses, can't see from here to there, and instead of recognizing Kim, she saw only a dim form. "Ben!" she cried. "Ben! That little boy behind you! He looks like—he looks just like—" And then she shrieked, *"Kimmy!"*

Benjy followed and gave his mother a hug, and Susie, in Jane's arms, straight-armed her mother and gave her a look that said, "I know I've seen you some place, and if it's true you're my mother, why don't you stick around once in a while?"

Esther began to cry, and Ben knelt to explain to his bewildered sons that women are funny because they cry when they're happy. "I'll explain the rest of it to you when you're older," he said, and Esther laughed through her tears.

The children stayed with them from then on, through Indianapolis, Cleveland, Milwaukee, and the final engagement at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. I never got to hear about the trials and tribulations in those last four cities. There was a

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Joan Blondell, who paints, signs her works, "Go Van Gogh."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

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smatter of information, such as that they opened in Cleveland the day after the Indians lost the World Series. The street lamps were draped in black, the citizens wore arm bands, and Esther's show was preceded in the theatre by a newsreel showing the final game, which put the audience in a state of coma. But whatever happened after the children's arrival, Esther ceased her threats to go home, and the rest of the troupe breathed a collective sigh, and finally, dared to unpack.

By the time we got through talking about Detroit and the Great Reunion, the studio press agent was consulting his watch so often he looked as though he'd developed a tic.

He cleared his throat. "Well—actually, I'm supposed to be covering a preview tonight. And it's eight-thirty now."

"Fie on you," said Esther. "We haven't even finished dinner. We haven't even finished Detroit."

THE PRESS AGENT, pinned between two chores with Father Time hanging over his head like an ax, smiled weakly. So I glanced at my notebook, which was swelling with notes.

"Offhand," I said, "I figure I have enough for a story."

"But you haven't heard," said Esther, "about Susie's birthday party and how she stuck her fist into the cake icing and rubbed it on the hotel's green velvet chair. And about how we now own a green velvet chair that we don't know what to do with."

"And the refrigerator I bought in Atlantic City," said Ben. "It cost $154 and by the time I'd F.O.B.'d it all over the country it was worth $1000."

The press agent looked at me like a beaver caught in a trap. "You know how they are," he pleaded. "Give them their heads and they'll go on all night. We'll be having breakfast by the time they get you to Las Vegas."

"Tell you what," I said. "Ben wants to write a book about this, so I'll split and leave the last few cities to him. Besides, five million people read MODERN SCREEN every month, so that leaves 155 million for Ben."

"He'll never write it," insisted Esther.

"I'm not complaining," I assured her. **END**

(*Continued from page 53*) together *à la* Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh?

"We played on the stage in *Ondine,* and we hope to play in the movie version which we plan to make in London. After that, we'll see."

Would Audrey consider giving up her career to devote all her time to being a wife and mother?

"That's difficult to tell at this point. However, I doubt it."

The room in the Dorchester where the press conference was held was much too small—Paramount later sent letters of apology—and reporters left it in a hurry. But not before they had thoroughly discussed how much—or how little—Audrey had changed in the past few years.

To those who had known her only since her success, she seemed infinitely changed—and not, as rumor had it, for the worse. She seemed friendlier, more relaxed, more genuinely self-confident and poised than they had ever known her. Marriage, they said, had done wonders for Audrey Hepburn. Who would have thought it?

As it happens, many people would have thought it. To them, Audrey has not exactly changed; she is merely her old self again, her real self, the person she was before fame, with its great demands upon her health, caused her to become tense, forced her to withdraw from people for a while.

What was Audrey like when she was still an unknown? Her years of war and terror as a child in Amsterdam have been hashed and re-hashed since *Gigi* and *Roman Holiday,* but what of her early acting days in London, the days that gave her her start, the days when she made the friends who still know her best?

One of these friends, Roger Railton-Jones, has the following story to tell—about an Audrey Hepburn who never has really been described before. Here it is, in the words of Mr. Jones.

■ One of my clearest memories of Audrey is of a slim young girl at my side, fidgeting nervously as the house lights darkened in the projection room of the ABC studios at Elstree. A gasp of wonder escaped her and she leaned forward in her seat, her head cupped in her hands, her eyes fixed on the screen. "Oh, it's all wrong," I could hear her murmuring as she followed her own movements and gestures on the screen, in a poignant love scene with Nigel Patrick. Then the lights went up and Audrey Hepburn, who was seeing herself for the first time on the screen, turned to me and in a tear-choked voice cried, "Oh Roger, it's awful! If only they would shoot that scene again. I did everything wrong. I don't know if I'll ever make an actress."

Five years later, I was sitting on the edge of my seat as the curtains parted at Broadway's 46th Street Theatre and Audrey Hepburn, now an accomplished artist, held me enraptured as the Ondine.

In the years between those two episodes Audrey Hepburn had shot to the summit of international stardom, to awards and applause and the acclaim of millions. And somewhere along the way she had acquired a reputation of being inaccessible for interviews and photographs, highhanded in her relations with her English studio, and near a breakup with her mother.

Could Audrey Hepburn really have changed from the charming and adorable young girl whom I knew at the beginning of her career? Has she really gone high-hat and temperamental? Or is she the victim of a too-rapid rise to fame, overwork and poor health?

The very first time I saw Audrey was at London's Cambridge Theater in 1949. She was dancing in the chorus of a musical show, *Sauce Piquante.* She was just one of a line of girls, but even then her poise, charm and individuality made her stand out. I remember checking the program and finding her name there in tiny print.

About a year later the casting director of ABC studios called the ABC publicity office where I worked. "I'm sending a girl named Audrey Hepburn to see you," he said. "The only thing she's done in pictures is a bit part in *Laughter In Paradise.* I think she's got tremendous possibilities and we've put her under contract. Talk to her and let me know what you think."

LATER THAT DAY I met her for the first time. Her name hadn't clicked before, but as soon as she entered my office, I recognized her as the girl from the chorus line of *Sauce Piquante.* As she approached, I looked her over analytically—the way you learn to do in a film studio where glamour is a business. Her dancing training was evident from the graceful way she walked across the room. She introduced herself, and I noticed she had a strikingly melodious voice. But she had none of the obvious physical attributes for stardom. Her nose was too large, her mouth too wide, her teeth too crooked. She was too thin for her height; her legs were indifferent, and she was almost flat-chested. Yet there was something about this girl which made all these factors unimportant. She had a sort of wistful, child-like, pixie quality about her, combined with tremendous vivacity and sincere charm. Her eyes sparkled with the sheer joy of being alive. I liked her on sight and I couldn't help admiring the clever way in which she disguised her physical shortcomings. Her heavy eye make-up concentrated attention on one of her best points, and her hair, which she wore the same way then as she does now, was an ideal complement to her piquant personality.

As we talked, and I learned a little about her background and personal history, I noticed a distinct reluctance to go into details about her hardships during the war. Later I learned what she had been through in occupied Holland, but all she would say then was: "I was hungry quite often."

I was impressed by her quiet determination, almost bordering on ruthlessness, to succeed as an actress. The very terms of the contract she had negotiated with ABC were proof of her confidence in her own future, and her business acumen. It was an unusual contract. Audrey was to make a minimum of one picture a year, with the privilege of approving each script. It was extremely rare for an unknown artist to demand and receive such terms. This early faith in her own ability has been fully justified, for it is this clause in her English contract which now enables Audrey to reject any script she regards as unsuitable.

She had so magnetized me and I was so certain she had the makings of a star that I was already planning what I could do to help her on her way. As it happened, I needed one of our contract artists to make a personal appearance the following evening at a policemen's annual ball. It was really quite an unimportant event. We had agreed to provide one of our starlets, as it was useful to be friendly with these particular police who patrolled the roads near the studio. When I asked Audrey if she'd do it, her first reaction was one of awe and fear. "Do you really think I'll be able to?" she asked seriously. "I've never made a personal appearance before. What do I do? What do I say? What shall I wear?" I explained to her it was just a routine job. She would have to make a little speech, which I would write for her. Then she'd pose for a few pictures, and

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maybe dance a few times with the policemen.

"Do you think I should go out and buy a new dress?" she asked me anxiously. I laughed and assured her this was not a Royal Command Performance.

THE NEXT DAY Audrey phoned me about five times, with a host of unimportant questions. After I'd sent the speech to her apartment, she called back again with suggestions and changes. She was trembling with nervousness when I called to pick her up that evening. I told her to relax—that she was not going to Buckingham Palace, but to a plain, ordinary policemen's ball.

This was my first opportunity to see the effect Audrey had on a group of men—and hardboiled ones at that. What I saw that evening convinced me that this girl possessed that rare and magical something which every great actress must have—"Star quality." I saw it at the very outset of the evening. She lost all traces of nervousness and quickly had the men and their wives eating right out of her hand. As far as those policemen were concerned, Audrey Hepburn was already a star. In fact she is still the mascot of the Hendon Mobile Police group.

Thereafter, whenever we needed someone for personal appearances or publicity stunts, I'd call Audrey. She was by far the most cooperative actress our studio had, as well as the most likeable.

TO THIS DAY, I can never eat a piece of turkey without remembering the day we spent together at a turkey farm getting some holiday pictures. The idea was to have Audrey in a cuddlesome pose with one of the creatures. Audrey showed up for our date, cute as a button in tartan slacks and a perky hat. It was a wet and dreary day, but we couldn't postpone the session.

As we approached the farm, Audrey looked out the car window and saw the spreading carpet of mud in our path. She glanced ruefully down at her bright plaid slacks, gave a little sigh, but said nothing. But the worst was yet to come. These turkeys, who probably awaited a fate more serious than picture-taking, weren't at all cooperative. Audrey joined in as we all—the farmer, the photographer and myself—tried to corner one of them. He fought and struggled and gobbled, but we finally managed to get one into Audrey's arms.

We were all congratulating ourselves as the turkey seemed to be calming down for the picture. The photographer took aim, focused, when—bang—his flash bulb exploded almost in Audrey's face. She didn't flicker an eyelash, but the turkey, terrified by the flash, bolted. Audrey gave chase in the drizzle, finally caught him, and the pictures went on. We finished about three hours later.

From that day to this, Audrey refers to publicity shots as "turkey pictures."

ON MEETING AUDREY'S mother, Baroness Van Heemstra, I realized what a strong influence she must have had on the formation of her daughter's character. Although there is little physical resemblance, Audrey has many of her mother's characteristics—a strong will, unfailing courtesy and a gracious old-world manner. Audrey's mother did more than anyone else in those early days to encourage her to become an actress. She also advised her as to the business and finance aspects of her career.

Audrey's first speaking role at the studio was in a film to which I had been assigned, *Young Wives Tale.* This was in 1951. Despite the fact that hers was a minor role and the picture featured two of England's greatest stars, Joan Greenwood and Nigel Patrick, Audrey finally got the lion's share of the publicity. Newspaper people, coming on the set to do routine stories, recognized this girl as a striking new personality and a natural for stardom.

It was during the shooting of this film that I realized Audrey was a perfectionist in everything she does. She often complained about her looks, particularly her uneven teeth and her hands. She even disliked her own voice, although this is one of the most attractive things about her.

I told her once: "Audrey, you shouldn't worry about these things. They are part of your charm. That's what makes you different from all the others. Just stay exactly as you are and you can't help reaching the top." But Audrey was never satisfied with herself. She worked constantly to learn everything she could about acting. While other starlets from the studio were frequenting London's night spots and clubs in the hopes of getting publicity, Audrey would spend her evenings taking ballet and singing lessons. She had little social life, but preferred to go to foreign films and sit through a picture two or three times to study acting technique.

Audrey's salary at this time was small. She rode to the studio, located outside of London, by bus, and often brought sandwiches for lunch. Yet the apartment she shared with her mother, although tiny, was in the most exclusive part of London. On her limited income, she didn't have much money to spend on clothes so she chose them with great care. Tight slacks hid her thin legs and high neck blouses covered her prominent shoulder bones. She wore flat shoes to cut her height.

Irving Sarnoff told his brother, Gen. David Sarnoff, about the TV repairman who came to fix a set. He took it apart, and studied it. A 5-year-old boy in the household told him: "Oh, I know what's the matter with the set: It's full of dead cowboys."
Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

DESPITE HER PHYSICAL and facial imperfections, Audrey was the favorite subject of the unit cameraman, who said to me: "This Hepburn girl is extraordinary. It's impossible to take a bad shot of her." The versatility of moods she could portray by simple facial expressions delighted the director, Henry Cass. And she had a great capacity for hard work, despite a physical frailty which is not only apparent but real—a result of malnutrition during the war.

It was not surprising that all the men on the set were enchanted by her, but amazingly enough women seemed to like her too. Several established female stars on the lot were known to dislike her because of the attention she had been getting, although they never had met. One of them, attending a studio party where Audrey was a guest, made several catty remarks about her to me. "Whatever has that girl got? Why she's as thin as a rail, absolutely no sex appeal." Right after this I purposely brought Audrey over and introduced her. Audrey immediately turned the conversation to the star's current picture, asked her how it was going, complimented her on her past successes, and completely charmed her. Not once did she refer to herself or her career. When Audrey left us, the actress who had so recently been consumed by professional jealousy said to me, "Why, she's delightful!"

Audrey did a few other films on and off the lot, including *Lavender Hill Mob* with Alec Guinness, but in none of them did she have a big role. She had often expressed a desire to make films abroad for she speaks several languages fluently and was raised on the continent. I was, therefore, not at

all surprised when she phoned me one day and said excitedly, "I've accepted a part in a French movie called *Monte Carlo Baby,* with location on the French Riviera. Isn't it exciting?"

Monte Carlo Baby was no epic, but it did prove to be the turning point in Audrey's career. As everyone knows, it was during this picture that Audrey was seen one day by the late great French writer, Colette. Audrey later told me exactly how it happened: "We were doing a scene on the front steps of the Hotel de Paris. Colette was being wheeled through the front door when she looked over in my direction, stopped, and then slowly came towards me. I didn't know who she was until she told me. 'How would you like to play *Gigi* in New York?' she asked me. I couldn't believe that she was serious, but, of course, I answered, 'Yes.'"

THIS MONTE CARLO film, besides being an important landmark in Audrey's career, is also a vital link in our story, for it was then that these pictures of Audrey were taken. A friend of mine, Edward Quinn, an Irish photographer working on the Riviera, was on location doing routine press shots of the cast. As he later explained it to me, he'd never even heard of Audrey Hepburn.

"Part of the cast was rehearsing a scene in the Sporting Club of the Casino," Ed told me, "and I was shooting pictures right and left. Then I saw this girl. She was in a corner of the room discussing a step with one of the dancers. I was absolutely floored by her. She stood out like an orchid in a patch of weeds. I grabbed one of the crew and asked, 'Who is this girl?' I learned that far from being the star of the picture, she had just a small part. I introduced myself and asked her if she would pose for some pictures. She agreed."

Quinn picked her up at the appointed time in his old pre-war Renault two-seater. On the way to a neighboring village, his car broke down. "I was very embarrassed," Quinn said. "Here we were on a mountain road with very few garages and little traffic. It meant I had to fix the car myself. Audrey couldn't have been nicer about the whole thing. In fact, she offered to help, but I didn't want her to get dirty, so she sat on the running board and kept up a gay line of chatter while I worked."

As these pictures show, Audrey was more than cooperative in posing for Quinn's camera. During several photographic sessions, she changed costumes many times and never complained about moving from one locale to another.

A few days later she called Quinn and in a calm and controlled voice said to him, "Paramount Pictures in New York have asked me for some photos of myself. I'd like to send the ones you've taken. May I?" Quinn, of course, agreed. Audrey was signed by Paramount soon after. These pictures, herewith published for the first time, are from that set.

I SAW AUDREY AGAIN when she returned from Monte Carlo, all set for *Gigi* and with a Paramount contract in her pocket. She was the happiest girl alive, but she still retained a humility and gratitude for the wonderful things that were happening to her.

"I know I'm going to love America," she told me, "but I'm nervous about appearing on Broadway." Even as Audrey said this, I could detect in her manner a deep underlying confidence in her own ability which I knew would see her through. As theatrical history has recorded, this self-assurance of hers was fully justified.

After she had finished the run of *Gigi* and the filming of *Roman Holiday,* Audrey arrived in England for a brief visit. I had



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been following her meteoric career with interest, and I was curious to know if her success had changed her. But she was still wide-eyed with wonder at her success.

That was the last I saw of Audrey until I reached New York myself a couple of years later. On my arrival, I wrote her a short note and mailed it to her New York hotel. Audrey tried twice to reach me on the phone, without success, so she wrote me a letter telling me she was leaving for Hollywood for the filming of *Sabrina.* It was a warm, friendly letter, full of reminiscences about the studio in England, including a reminder of the day we took those turkey pictures. It showed that Audrey, who had now reached the summit of international stardom, could still take time to remember her old friends.

It was after she had finished *Sabrina* and was in the midst of rehearsals for *Ondine* that the first faint notes of criticism about her began to appear in the press. Writers complained that it was impossible to get an interview with her, and that this was proof of an inflated ego. The same familiar photographs of Audrey in black matador pants and a high-necked blouse appeared time and time again in papers and magazines—simply because there were no others available. All this made me wonder if in the brief period since her letter to me, Audrey could have undergone such a transformation. I was determined to find out. I wanted to see Audrey again—and I wanted to see her play. So I booked seats for *Ondine.*

I hadn't warned Audrey about my coming that evening. Arriving at the theatre, I handed a note for Audrey to the stage door attendant, telling her I would come backstage after the performance.

After all the adverse publicity I had been reading about her, I was anticipating some difficulty. I had none. She had left instructions with the stage door attendant to conduct me to her dressingroom, and she was standing outside the door waiting for me. Throwing her arms around my neck, she kissed me affectionately. We were both near tears.

The first excited rush of questions and reminiscences over, Audrey beckoned me to a chair and asked eagerly: "What did you think of the play? Did you have good seats? I tried to contact you in the theatre to change them in case you didn't." As I discussed her performance, Audrey seated herself on the floor in front of me and proceeded to take off her make-up. I was studying her face closely. It was not until the last traces of her heavy, grotesque make-up had disappeared that I was able to see how she had changed physically. Months of overwork and strain had left their mark. She was a tired, tired girl.

I felt I knew her well enough to question her about the strains affecting her health and looks. "Yes, you're right," she said, "I am working too hard. As a matter of fact, my doctor has told me that unless I cut out all interviews, photo sessions, public appearances and other outside activities, I'll have to leave the play and go into a sanitarium." Audrey got up from the floor where she'd been sitting, put her hands into the pockets of her dressing gown and paced nervously up and down the room. "I really am exhausted. I'd like to do everything the press boys ask me, but I just can't."

THAT FOR ME was sufficient explanation for her alleged lack of cooperation. I could see this was no act. Audrey was a very sick girl. But tired as she was, she still greeted with a smile a group of teenagers from her fan club.

This was about the time when stories were circulating in New York about Audrey and Mel Ferrer. I hesitated to ask her about him, for she had always been sensitive about discussing the men in her life. Up to now, Audrey had had but two serious romances that I knew about. The first was with Marcel Lebon, a handsome young French singer and dancer, whom she was dating when I first met her. I saw them together often and I believe Audrey was very much in love with him, but her interest in him terminated about the time she came to New York to appear in *Gigi.* Her second big romance, with Jimmy Hanson, a wealthy young English playboy, almost ended in marriage.

Audrey mentioned Mel Ferrer's name only once during our conversation. "He's such a wonderful actor," she said quietly, "but his part in this play—it's too small. He has no opportunity to show what he can do." Then she began to talk about the vacation she was planning. "I'm going to Switzerland for a complete rest," she told me. "I shall stay in one of those little wooden chalets, miles from anywhere, and I'm going to sleep and sleep as long as I want to, and catch up on all the books I haven't had time to read." Her eyes sparkled with the old animation as she described her plans for the first real vacation she'd allowed herself in years.

A FEW WEEKS later I called at her apartment and drove out with her to Idlewild airport. On the way, she told me how relieved she was that *Ondine* had closed.

"I just couldn't have kept going much longer doing eight performances a week," she said. She was obviously thrilled about the prospect of returning to the continent. "I love America, of course, and I always shall," she remarked, "but I don't really want to live in any one place permanently. That's why I love acting. It takes you to so many different places."

At the airport, I put Audrey on the Swiss Airliner which was to carry her across the seas to a most important occasion in her life, her marriage to Mel Ferrer. If Audrey knew that day she was soon to be a bride, she gave no indication of it.

The news of her marriage a few weeks later started a whole train of thoughts and doubts in my mind. From mutual friends, I learned that Audrey's mother had disapproved of her association with Ferrer right from the start, and that this had caused several bitter arguments between them. Baroness Van Heemstra was herself the victim of an unhappy marriage, and obviously didn't want the same to happen to Audrey. The Baroness is a practical woman and she must have been disconcerted by Ferrer's three-marriage record. •

That's where Mr. Railton-Jones' story ends. The rest is speculation.

If Audrey's marriage is as successful as she claims, what does the future hold? Actresses with far greater reserves of physical stamina and fewer demands upon their time and energy, have cracked under the strain of combining a career with marriage and a family. Audrey wants a baby, wants to act. Even with the support of her husband, added responsibilities may take a dangerous toll of her health. Possibly she may limit herself to one picture a year, or devote herself almost entirely to stage work, though that would seem to be even more enervating. Very possibly she and Mel may remain overseas for a long time, looking for escape from the publicity that follows them. But if her friends are worried, Audrey herself doesn't seem to be. In London she and her husband attended the première of *The Bridges At Toko-Ri,* and someone asked the radiant Audrey how it felt to be a star. She smiled and cocked her head to one side. "Like Cinderella," she said. She sounded very much as though she had found both her prince and her happy-ever-after. **END**

present perfect

(*Continued from page 29*) which, I can spend hours pointing with pride, 'Look, I did it all with my own little hands.'"

This vignette would have small significance except that it's a far cry from the days when Susan used to shut herself up in her dressingroom with nothing but mood music for company. Down the years, especially when pickings are slim, Hollywood has played the game of discovery—the new Garbo, the new Crawford, the new Mickey Mouse. Right now Susan's It, the new Hayward, lilting, buoyant and gay. To fall back on another cliché, she never looked lovelier, as anyone who has seen her close up will testify. Columnists on the prowl for an item attribute this to romance, but they are baffled when it comes to naming the other party.

Susan smiles. "You can't keep people from saying whatever suits them. The truth is simple. I'm very pleased at the moment not to be emotionally involved with anyone. There's a time to battle the stream and a time to sit on the bank, watching the current flow by. Gives you the chance to evaluate and ponder. This is my time on the bank." Mischief glinted for a moment in the brown eyes. "Too much of it could get dull. I'm not feeling dull yet."

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Davey Wayne's seven-year-old saw her father for the first time on the screen in "How to Marry a Millionaire." Naturally, Davey was very interested in his small fry's reaction to his histrionic talent—and he got it, to wit: "Oh Daddy, I just loved the picture. I saw Jessica James' mommy and Stephen Bogart's mommy, but that pretty lady you liked, why hasn't she any little girl?"

Radie Harris in
The Hollywood Reporter

sweet or bitter. The past is past, and she won't talk about it. The future can be handled when it comes. She lives in the present, which is good. If she's happier, more at ease with herself and the world, you don't have to go hunting for reasons. Release from the strains of an untenable marriage is reason enough.

Indirectly, she says so. "The house has a nice atmosphere, casual, relaxed. We have many more visitors, who are always welcome. So many, in fact, that I bought a double oven, because we need two roasts instead of one. The boys ask their school friends to dinner and to stay overnight. Cleo, I might add, is the come-on. 'She's the best cook in the world,' I hear them brag. 'We're going to have pork chops.'"

SHE HAS ALWAYS been close to her sons. They're closer now. Most of her nonworking time is devoted to them. As sole authority, all plans and decisions are up to her. She believes in combining supervision with greater freedom, gives them their rope while laying down definite rules. Despite her busy life as an actress, no concern of theirs is too trifling for her attention. "I can't find my checkerboard," says Tim.

"No wonder," says Greg. "You took it over to John's the other day."

"That's right, I did. Only I think it was Billy's."

Susan intervened. Boys must learn to be responsible for their possessions.

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Taking toys out was fine, if you could manage to remember where you left them. Until their memories improved, they'd better ask for permission. Next day the phone rang on the set. Greg had to speak to his mother; it was very important. "May I take my basketball over to Eric's?" To Susan it was very important too—the feeling that they knew she was always on tap for consultation in a crisis of this or any other nature.

Wherever they're playing, they've got to be home by five. If Susan isn't in, they report to Cleo. In addition to Cleo, there's Willy Jean, her daughter, a teen-ager young enough to romp with the boys and to sit, just as wide-eyed, through their TV programs. Matthew, Cleo's husband, arrives at four to do odd jobs. From the day's pursuits, the youngsters return to a circle of warmth and friendliness. Till six-thirty, which is dinner time, they watch TV. After dinner they're allowed to choose a single half-hour program. Susan is of the crisp opinion that television, overdone, can have a stultifying effect on the young, or their elders, for that matter. She glows openly over the fact that her kids average 90 at school. Both love to read. They're crazy about the Landmark books and the Book of Knowledge. They also have homework to do. If they get stuck, an SOS goes up for Mommy. "To my chagrin, I sometimes get stuck myself. You'd be surprised how tough that fifth grade homework can be."

SHE TAKES DELIGHT in doing with and for them things they've never done before. For the first time last Christmas, Santa and his reindeer decorated their lawn. Their Christmas requests were moderate. "Commando sets and trench coats—so we can play Army and fall in the mud." She got a bang out of buying stuff they didn't ask for. Out of love and their own allowances, they gifted her with a box of candy each, their favorite kind, which they absently proceeded to consume themselves.

She took them east for the World Series. She took them to Hawaii, where they learned surfboard riding. She takes them and a couple of pals to football games. Her careful planning includes a hired chauffeur. "It's meant to be a day of pure enjoyment. If I drove myself, if I had to battle traffic and parking problems, I might conceivably grow a little impatient. I refuse to have anything take the edge off our pleasure. So we see the game, we have dinner at some special restaurant and have nothing to remember but fun."

Her basic purpose is to extend in all directions the horizons of their world. She's buying a piano, so all three of them can take lessons. The boys have joined the Cub Scouts. They belong to a social group which gives dinner dances. Parents are not permitted in but Susan drops them off and sometimes stops for an unauthorized peek. She sees her sons picking the prettiest little girls to dance with, gathering around the water cooler, kicking and being kicked in the shins by other boys—and thrills to their normal reactions. Like the song says, little things mean a lot. As when Greg writes an imaginative piece on how it feels to be a giant. As when Tim writes how he feels about Christmas and it makes the school paper.

She likes to pass the door of their room for a glimpse of two heads, one fair, one sandy-red, bent over the big double desk. Last year she had the house redecorated. Buttery yellows and greys in the living-room, a mirrored fireplace, the walls aglow with prints—Matisse, Rouault, Chagall—which she gets from the Museum of Modern Art. For herself, a pink marble bathroom. "All my life I've heard about movie stars with marble bathrooms. Now I've got one. Fake, to be sure, but just as dear to my heart." The big project, however, was the thirty-foot room upstairs, transformed from a children's to a boys' room. Plaid paper gave way to wood fibre. Opposite the windows overlooking garden and pool, a stack of shelves to hold books, records, all the lead soldiers she brought them from Mexico and miscellaneous treasure, with space above for pennants and flying ducks. In the center a desk, large enough for a boy on either side to spread puzzles, paintings, homework, without blocking the other. Their faces bear that innocent, vulnerable look of any child absorbed in what he's doing. You don't have to be their mother to know how Susan feels as she tiptoes by.

ANGELS THEY'RE NOT, though cooperative for the most part. The one thing Susan won't tolerate is freshness and, like all kids, they get out of line now and then. Comes the moment, for instance, to do something they'd rather not. She reminds them. They ignore her. She pokes their memory. "*Why* do I have to?" She explains. They parry with the why again. She explains for the last time. They're seized by the child's compulsion to find out how far authority can be challenged. "I won't," says Tim or Greg. For this, in Susan's experience, there's a sovereign remedy. Over the knee with a little slipper on the fanny. "They're punished only for a reason. Being pretty hep kids, they know exactly what the reason is. You'd be amazed how that slipper clears the air."

They turned ten in February, and the slipper-cure grows less frequent. On matters of consequence, the three assemble in council. Figaro, the Scottie who used to pick lemons off trees, met with a fatal accident. To heal their shattered hearts, Susan promptly bought the twins a dog apiece. Each picked his own breed—one cocker, one Scottie—each promised to be responsible for his own pooch. But it appeared they had no time for the duties of ownership. In Susan the sense of duty is strong, and she's instilling it into her boys. "If Cleo or Willy Jean looks after them, they won't be your dogs. So would you be satisfied if I found good homes for them?" Two faces fell. "Now wait a minute. You know I love dogs and I think we should certainly have an animal around. So I'll get another one. It'll be Mother's dog and I'll take care of it, though you can help when you have the time. But since it *will*

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be mine, I feel I should have some say about the breed, just as you did."

"That's only fair," agreed Tim.

"What breed?" asked Greg.

"Well, I've always been partial to Irish setters."

An Irish setter suited them fine. "He'll have red hair just like yours." He's now an established member of the household.

They conferred on Mommy's new car—her first Eldorado Cadillac. "It's got to be fire-engine red," cried Greg. "You always said you loved fire-engine red, remember?" She remembered well, but she wanted black. Susan, however, leads through finesse, not despotism. Driving around town, they compared colors. The reds were certainly beautiful, but every other car they saw was red. Wouldn't it be better to have something different? To this, Tim added the clincher. "They stick out more, so they get tickets faster." Whereupon they veered to white, but decided the mud would show up too dirty. Meanwhile, Susan kept pointing out the shiny jet blacks. In the end, the boys were persuaded that black was the only color for a new car, and that they themselves had talked Mommy into it.

THAT SHE'S AN ACTRESS they accept, the way some other kid accepts his mother's being a teacher. It's a fact of life, neither ignored nor stressed. The only picture they've seen her in since *Song In My Heart* is *White Witch Doctor.* They loved the natives, went wild over the African backgrounds and thought Mommy was pretty good too, but Mommy's presence was a minor affair. Very rarely she'll have them on the set, when something special goes on like the big animal scene in *Demetrius,* or the wagon-train sequence for *Untamed,* which was shot on the ranch. Here the twins had an elegant time, played with kids in the cast, dragged stray cats into Susan's trailer, watched her fashion bullets out of lead, which they conceded was a pretty neat trick. Here, for the first and only time, her position in the movie world staggered one of her sons. It happened at noon, when box lunches were distributed. Greg opened his, eyed the sandwiches, the eggs, the fruit, the cellophaned packets of salt, and lifted a face of sheer rapture. "Mommy, do you eat like this *every* day?"

HER CAREER is in high. From *Untamed* to *The Conqueror* to *Soldier Of Fortune,* which she all but lost. Part of the picture was to be shot in Hong Kong. She had nothing against Hong Kong. On the contrary. A trip to the Orient plus a co-starring role with Gable struck her as an attractive combination. "Provided," she told them at 20th, "I can take my children. Otherwise, no." Jess Barker, their father, has the boys every Wednesday afternoon and every other week end. She'd have been glad to make up the time to him. But by legal stipulation, neither parent may take them across the state line without the other's consent. Their father withheld consent on the grounds that their schooling mustn't be interfered with. It wouldn't have been. She had planned to engage a tutor. She felt, moreover, that the trip would be rich in the kind of education that doesn't come from books. She appealed to the court, which ruled against her. "In that case," she said quietly, "I won't go."

They were all disappointed. Susan is a fighter, convinced that the Lord helps those who help themselves. She's also what you might call an upbeat fatalist, who won't bash her head against the inevitable. With her own philosophy she comforted the twins. "If something's supposed to happen, it happens. If not, it just wasn't meant to be. But don't worry, we'll get there yet. When you graduate from school, we'll take a tramp steamer and go around the world on a summer vacation." Which softened the blow.

She had resigned herself to bowing out of the picture. The studio bowed her right back in again. They wanted Hayward, not a substitute. They summoned writers, who revised the script so a double could be sent to China for necessary long shots, while the close-ups were done here. One detail hung fire. To the brass, it loomed as more than a detail. This became clear to Susan, seated in the office of Buddy Adler, producer.

"There's something I want to talk to you about." He cleared his throat. "I don't know just how to put it."

She looked him in the eye and played her hunch. "You mean you'd like me to wear short hair."

"I know you don't care for short hair."

"There's no problem," she said equably. "I'd just as soon have it cut."

Between surprise and relief, he banged the table. "Boy, am I going to collect! Bets and bets that I couldn't get you to do it."

"I wonder why. I'm the most docile person in the world."

"Then how come," he deadpanned, "they're all scared to ask you?"

She turned thoughtful. "It's rumored that now and again I get my Irish up."

The above scene maybe needs some interpretation. A story, part myth, part fact, has attached itself to Susan's crowning glory. The myth is that she guards it against the shears like no one since Samson—which leaves out of account that she had it clipped years ago for *The Saxon Charm* and more recently for *With a Song In My Heart.* The fact is that she prefers it long and has on several occasions kept it so, despite pleas. Her reasons seem sound. "Ninety per cent of the masculine population likes longer hair. Inasmuch as I'm a woman, one of my primary purposes is to please men. Besides, it keeps the back of my neck warm."

For *Soldier Of Fortune,* they took off two or three inches. A little more? they hinted. No, that's enough. Let's have lunch. Next morning she learned via one of the gossip columns that she had shed salt tears, gathered up the poor locks and carried them home. This broke her up. "Comes the living day!" she hooted. "You know, I did cry once. I was ten and my mother got tired of brushing all this hair and had it cut. I cried because I didn't want to look like a boy. Well, I'm no longer ten. In the course of time I've also discovered that hair grows."

THE PLUM OF THE YEAR has dropped into her lap. She helped joggle the branch. Like the afghan, it started on *Untamed,* where one day the twenty-four-hour virus hit her. Accustomed to rugged health, she makes a restless patient. In an effort to hold her down, Martha Little, her house guest, brought in a book. "It's new. Read it and lie still." But for keeping her quiet, Martha had picked the wrong book. It was called *I'll Cry Tomorrow.* Turning page after page of this story of a woman's travail with agony and her spiritual triumph, Susan's fever mounted. Virus or no, she flew out of bed to call her agent, Ned Marin. "I've just read the Lillian Roth book. Who has it?"

"I thought you were sick."

"I am, so don't trifle with me."

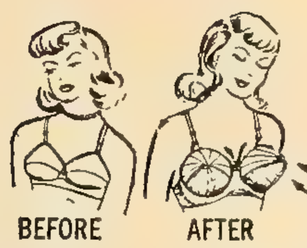
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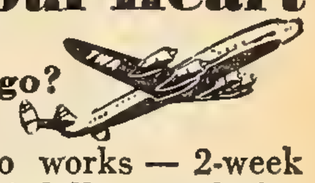
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"Don't be hasty. Get back into bed and I'll see what goes."

What went was as follows. Paramount wanted it if they could borrow Hayward. They couldn't, but MGM could—on the deal that brought Tracy to 20th for *Broken Lance*. "If they buy it," said Susan, "that's the one I'll do for them." Marin so informed Dore Schary, who said they were dickering. When *I'll Cry Tomorrow* won the Christopher Award, they quit dickering and snapped it up. This crisscross of activity, told in seconds, covered weeks, with Susan chewing nails. Came at length the bugle call from Marin. "I've got all the clearances, and you're Lillian Roth."

"Yippee!" she yipped, read the book five times more and flew up to Vegas to watch the singer work. From their confabs, she's emerged with boundless admiration for Miss Roth. No tosser-around of large words, Susan calls her a great person. "To go through all that tragedy and come out more than whole, you've *got* to be great. And an inspiration to others, may I add, as I sip my tea."

Though work and children claim most of her time, she's hardly the hermit type. Dancing she loves. Marin, old friend as well as agent, is a frequent escort. There are others. "But they're people not involved in this business and they'd just as soon not see their names in print." When she's going someplace exciting—which means formal—it's a big deal for the twins, who run in and out while she puts her make-up on, fall over the gold slippers, set them tenderly upright and wait for the breathless moment when she's ready. Their round eyes, their, "Mommy, you look so pretty," isn't the least of the evening's satisfactions. She'll introduce them to her date—usually not the first time, but the second. They'll size the gentlemen up and note their preferences, which they're quite willing to discuss. She's just as willing to listen and to set them right if she happens to disagree with them.

Being thoroughly feminine, she can't see herself living alone and liking it. The state of single blessedness strikes her as a state of singular unfulfillment. "But I've never been the kind of girl who jumped from one romance to another. And I don't propose to jump from one marriage to another. When the time is ripe, I'll know it. Naturally, the boys are a prime consideration. The man I choose or who chooses me—we might even get around to it at the same minute—must love children as dearly as I do, for I fully intend to have more. Since that's a prerequisite, I feel that he and the twins will get along fine. Only this is for sure. If I fall in love and believe we're right for each other, the decision will be mine. At eighteen, my youngsters will have their own lives. Parents, like children, are entitled to theirs."

WHEN SHE MARRIES again—and Susan says *when*, not *if*—she'll kiss her career goodbye, not without regret, but with finality. "I've loved every minute of it. As long as I've got to work, I hope they'll accept me in this business. I just can't figure staying in it for the rest of my days. Not because I feel an actress can't handle both. But because I've handled this one since I was seventeen, and I'd like to handle something else for a change. Will I miss it? Probably—for a while. But life goes on and there's always another bonfire," cracked the doll from Brooklyn.

Which brings us back to that afghan. She's always liked to knit and crochet. This job, however, is special, being linked to the future. "It's the kind of thing that's handed down. It's meant to be handed down to the little girl I'm going to have some day. Not to mention two more boys."

Their prospective dad? Don't be silly. Susan's no fortune-teller. She lives in the present, and sufficient unto the day is the good thereof. **END**

hollywood's biggest question mark

(*Continued from page 39*) volunteered, "is that my daughter has known Mr. Peck for, say, three years. They have much affection for each other, but beyond that I cannot say. I know nothing of their plans."

"Is it possible that they are honeymooning right now in Las Palmas, in the Canary Islands?"

"I am sorry, Monsieur. I really don't know."

Like her daughter, Madame Passani is a journalist. She writes for the *France Dimanche*—and she is skilled in the art of being politely evasive. She did admit that for a number of years her daughter has worked for Greg as a combination interpreter-secretary.

IT WAS AS A REPORTER, however, that Veronique first met the Hollywood star. She was working for the *Paris Presse* three years ago and was assigned to interview Gregory Peck. She never had met Greg, but she is an aggressive and resourceful girl. She called Paramount's publicity office in Paris.

The office was being run then by a handsome, charming man named Eduard de Segonzac. As de Segonzac recalls the incident, "She phoned and there was a good deal of urgency in her voice. She said that she knew Greg was in Paris. She knew he was on his way to Rome to make *Roman Holiday* with Audrey Hepburn. And she must have an interview. I told her to come for lunch. That's how she met Greg."

Now what Peck saw in this thin-faced brunette, few of his friends have been able to determine. What he sees in her now, of course, is charm, companionship, competency, love, an attractive figure and a continental *savoir faire*. But at that time, Veronique wasn't particularly well-groomed, sophisticated or appealing. And what attracted Greg is still a mystery.

One acquaintance says, "The truth is that Veronique came around exactly at the right time in Peck's life. He and Greta were fighting and their arguments were no secrets in Europe. By contrast, Veronique must have seemed docile and pliable.

"Of course, Greg has since learned that this young lady has a will of iron, an ability to fight and struggle and survive characteristic of so many Europeans.

"Anyway, she has a nifty figure, and as I say, she moved in at a propitious moment."

IN THE LIGHT of Greta Peck's divorce testimony, this analysis seems to be valid, because a few weeks ago Greta testified in the California Superior Court that she and her three children went to Paris in 1952 to be near her husband. She rented a large home which she regarded as comfortable but which Greg described as "this miserable cold barn."

So terrible did he consider his surroundings that "he stayed away from home nights and wouldn't tell me where he had been or where he was going or what he was doing."

According to Mrs. Peck, a crisis in their domestic affairs was reached on the night Dr. and Mrs. Voskamp had a party in their Paris apartment for Greta and Greg.

"My husband stayed for half an hour," Greta testified, "then took his hat and coat and walked out before dinner. I followed him to the door and asked him if he

wanted me to go with him. He said it made no difference whether I did or not."

On another occasion, "My husband told me, 'We would be better friends if we were not married.'"

It was then that Greta Peck bundled up her three sons and took the first boat back to America, leaving her tall, enigmatic husband to the plans and designs of Veronique who was by then completely gone on him.

When Greta Peck returned to Hollywood, she must have known in her mind that her marriage was finished, but in her heart she nurtured the hope that Greg might change, that remembering his own youth in a broken home, remembering the poverty and struggle of their early married days, he might give up the European whirl.

She declined to admit that her marriage was on the rocks. "It's just very difficult raising three boys in Europe," she maintained, "so we came home."

There was no mention of Veronique, of the quarrels, the mental cruelty, the general incompatibility. Instead, there was a good deal of whistling in the dark.

"Greg is a man," Greta told inquirers, "and it is only natural that he will occasionally go out with girls while he's in Europe. Certainly, there's no harm in that."

But Greg didn't go out with girls. He went out with one single girl—Veronique Passani—and while he insisted, "She's just a friend," no one believed him. They were inseparable. Everywhere Greg went—London, Paris, the Riviera, Italy, Switzerland, Ireland, Ceylon—Veronique went with him or followed him.

CBS-TV assigned Dong Kingman, the artist, to make a drawing for use as the title background, on Jackie Gleason's *Studio One* appearance. Kingman called on Gleason, who said he was too busy, turned his back and walked away . . . That's why the title background used showed only Gleason's back.

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

GRETA PECK hoped that somewhere along the line Greg might drop Veronique in favor of playing the field, an infinitely less dangerous game—but Veronique has a lot on the ball, and she had then, and still has, no intention of letting Greg escape.

An actor who is a good friend of Peck's took him aside about a year ago and diplomatically tried to explain that Veronique was not the girl for a plain boy from La Jolla, California, and generally tried to discourage the *entente*. Peck paid no heed.

Veronique is shrewd and intelligent and at least one of her friends is convinced that "she's too good for Greg and should never marry him.

"Greg is tall and quietly handsome," this friend says, "and he's earning about $600,000 a year, and I guess you'd call him a terrific catch. But somehow I think Veronique is not his type.

"Veronique is well stacked, no doubt about that. But she is not particularly beautiful or glamorous, and she is primarily an intellectual. She is twenty-three and Greg is thirty-nine. There is a great difference in their backgrounds, their ages, their religions and their outlooks.

"Greg is a very stolid sort of person. Veronique is not, although she changes her own personality as a sop to his ego. This practice is all very well and good when a girl is playing up to a man, but in marriage it won't work.

"I know I'm playing the heretic in advising Veronique not to marry Greg, but I've seen the two of them together in Paris. I've seen them in Ceylon and at John Huston's house in Ireland. And I just don't think it will work."

Veronique, needless to say, does not share this opinion. She is very much in love with Peck, and if he doesn't marry her eventually she is going to be one of the most disappointed and unhappy girls in Europe.

PECK WILL DISCUSS pretty nearly every subject except his love life. Recently, someone tried to discover what makes him tick—why he's done the things he has and why he has stayed abroad for such long periods.

"Primarily," he answered, "I'm interested in enlarging my horizon as an actor. If I've spent periods abroad, it's because I think work in London can be just as enriching as work in Hollywood. It broadens an actor."

"But there was a time," Greg was told, "when you didn't want to be an actor. You wanted to be a doctor. Isn't that true?"

"That was a long time ago," Peck admitted. "But when I saw I couldn't become a doctor (family finances) I became an actor, and I'm happy with my lot."

"As an actor, do you think good looks and a good physique count very much?"

"What counts most," Peck believes, "is presence and personality and inner truth." As for happiness, "It consists of physical and moral satisfaction. People must be themselves, act themselves, know themselves and accept themselves for what they are."

Peck was then asked what he thought of love. "It's not a big thing," he explained. "When it comes it always surprises me. But then again, love is not something one thinks about. It's something one feels."

"How about your opinion of women? Do you find beauty an essential for attraction?"

"Personality," Greg answered firmly, "counts more than beauty, because when beauty dies of old age, personality still exists. What counts in a woman is charm, and receptiveness, dignity and naturalness, good manners and intelligence."

VERONIQUE PASSANI happens to be endowed with all of these qualities. So is Greta Peck. She is sweet, charming and every inch a lady.

How did Greg come to fall out of love with this delightful little blonde woman, the mother of his three handsome, healthy sons?

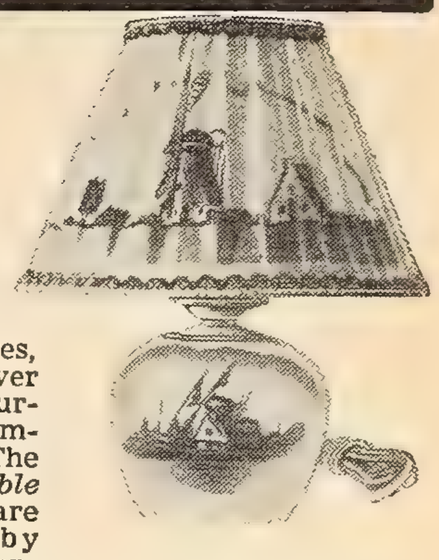
One hears many stories—that Greta is thrifty and Greg is not, that Greta is conservative and Greg is liberal, that Greta loves California and Greg loves to travel. In truth, there is no simple, specific answer.

As a father, his behavior has always been above reproach. As a gentleman he stands in a class all by himself. And as a provider for his family—just look at the financial settlement he made with Greta. She is to get $55,000 a year in alimony plus $750 a month for the support of the children. In addition she receives one half of the community property which consists of a $200,000 home, insurance policies and one half of Peck's percentages in three motion pictures. After 1965, she will receive ten per cent of Greg's earnings until she remarries.

This adds up to a sizable amount of money. But in the event Veronique Passani becomes the second Mrs. Peck, she needn't worry. There will be plenty left for her. In the last twelve years Eldred Gregory Peck has become one of the most highly-paid screen lovers in Hollywood's hectic history.

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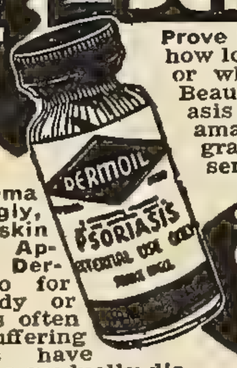
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don't call me a dumb blonde

(*Continued from page 45*) became a star in the face of incredibly tough handicaps.

To begin with, she had no parental guidance, no background, no money, a minimum education, no influential friends. She had a series of unbelievably bad breaks.

For example, after Marilyn was placed in *The Asphalt Jungle,* her name was omitted from the cast sheet. When the picture was "sneaked" at a neighborhood theatre in Los Angeles, the reaction cards showed that dozens of people asked about the "dumb, well-built, baby-faced blonde." They had enjoyed her performance, and they wanted to know her name.

Ordinarily, this tip-off is enough to make any studio sign the actress in question. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer declined to do so because of Lana Turner. Five years ago, Lana was the sex appeal champ, and the Metro executives saw no point in arousing her antagonism—not that Lana has a jealous bone in her body—or fostering internecine warfare. The result was that Marilyn Monroe got her walking papers.

She was heartbroken. At the time, she said, "Everyone says I was pretty good in the picture. Was I really?"

"You were great, Marilyn," she was assured. "Absolutely great."

Choked with self-doubt, Marilyn asked in a petulant tone, "Then why didn't they give me a contract or another part?"

"Just the breaks," she was told. "Just the breaks. This is a rough racket."

Another director, Joe Mankiewicz, then rescued Marilyn from her psychological depression. He chose her for another dumb blonde role, in *All About Eve.*

When Darryl Zanuck saw the rushes on *Eve,* he ordered his casting department to give Marilyn Monroe a contract.

"We had her for a year," he was told, "and she can't act. She tries hard but she can't act."

"Sign her," Zanuck ordered. Marilyn signed a seven-year contract in August, 1951. She was cast in a series of minor vehicles and her build-up was delayed. The reason for the delay: Betty Grable. Not that Betty ever muttered a single word about Marilyn. It was just that Harry's wife was then the studio's number one star, and there seemed to be no point in threatening her position.

In 1951 Marilyn was assigned inconsequential roles in *As Young As You Feel, Let's Make It Legal* and *Love Nest,* and loaned to RKO for *Clash By Night.*

RKO paid 20th Century-Fox $6000 for the loanout. Two years later they offered $250,000 to borrow Marilyn for the lead in *High Heels* and were told, "Monroe is not available for a loan-out at any price."

Marilyn had achieved such great success in *Clash By Night* that her own studio was compelled to recognize her, Betty Grable or no Betty Grable. In 1952 she was cast opposite the leading male stars in the studio's leading productions.

THIS BACKGROUND is necessary for understanding the feud that developed between Marilyn and her studio when she finished *The Seven Year Itch* and *There's No Business Like Show Business.*

This feud—let's call it a dispute—began when Marilyn married Joe DiMaggio. Marilyn, for the first time in her struggling life, knew a modicum of financial security. She had a husband to support her. She didn't have to work.

She therefore announced that she had no intention of making a film called *Pink Tights.* Whereupon the studio hired Sheree North to replace her. Marilyn also let it be known that she was dissatisfied with her old contract that was then paying her $750 a week when she worked.

Agreeing that she deserved more money, the studio consented to abandon the old contract and offered a new one calling for Marilyn to make two pictures a year at $100,000 per picture. After three and a half years she could make outside films.

Subject to discussion with her lawyers, Marilyn went into *Show Business* and *The Seven Year Itch* on those terms, drawing $1500 a week against $100,000 per picture.

When *The Seven Year Itch* was finished, Marilyn, having dropped Joe DiMaggio, began to go around Hollywood with a New York photographer named Milton Greene.

"I met Marilyn about a year and a half ago," Greene says. "When I came out to Hollywood on my honeymoon a little while later, I introduced my wife Aimee to Marilyn, and we all became good friends. I shot a lot of pictures of Marilyn—they're going to be published in a book—and I invited her to spend Christmas with us in New York and Connecticut.

"I introduced her to my lawyer, Frank Delaney, and she told him what was on her mind. That's how we started Marilyn Monroe Productions, her own corporation. Marilyn wants to be able to have some say in the roles she plays. All this stuff about her wanting to play the female lead in *The Brothers Karamazov* by Dostoievsky, is a bunch of bunk. She was misquoted. A line of what she said was taken out of context."

Marilyn said, "Technically, I'm not under contract to 20th Century any more. But I like the studio, and I want to make more pictures here. And I think we can work it out. I've been quoted as saying that I don't like the pictures I've been put in. I never said that. A couple of the pictures might have been better. I suggested that a very good role might be the female lead in *The Brothers Karamazov,* and right away it was taken for granted that I was getting arty and wanted to play the part."

Asked if there was any chance of her reconciling with Joe DiMaggio, her answer was, "We'll keep on being very good friends."

Then she was asked if her attitude had changed, generally speaking, and she said, "I don't think so."

BUT THE TRUTH IS that since her divorce from Joe DiMaggio, Marilyn has come out of her shell. She no longer seems insecure, inhibited, shy or afraid.

She has reached that critical point in her life where she must decide which is more important, career or wifehood. And her answer right now is career.

Marilyn isn't money-hungry. But she is quietly determined to get some lucre while the getting is hot. No actress deserves it more, because there is no actress in Hollywood who has worked harder than Marilyn Monroe at learning her trade. The hours, the weeks, the years she has put in with her dramatic coach, Natasha Lytess, studying lines and movements—"You wouldn't believe it," she once said. "It's been the only thing that really mattered."

Five years ago Marilyn Monroe knew precious little about dancing, acting, music, literature or clothes. She suffered from a complete inferiority complex. One columnist used to aggravate the complex by writing, "When will Marilyn Monroe stop dressing like an unmade bed? This girl shows everything in her clothes except good taste."

Hungry for the education denied her by circumstance, Marilyn has spent practically all of her spare time reading widely, listening to good music, taking singing lessons and learning the financial facets of the motion picture business. Marilyn has learned that highly taxable salaries are not

nearly so rewarding as capital gains or profit-sharing deals. She looks around Hollywood and sees that Jimmy Stewart has garnered more than $4,000,000 in the last six years by working for a small salary and a large share of the profits. She knows that Gable is going to get at least half a million from *Soldier Of Fortune*. Cary Grant, June Allyson, Alan Ladd are all independent free-lance operators. Why can't she be one?

Her New York lawyers claim that she is. They told her weeks ago that when 20th Century-Fox sent her a letter saying they were abrogating her old contract and drawing up a new one, she was free so long as she didn't sign the new contract.

The studio, on the other hand, claimed that if Marilyn didn't sign the new contract, then the old contract was in force.

Regardless of the contract dispute, Marilyn wants a degree of professional independence, because she feels strongly that she will know what to do with it. At twenty-eight she is willing to strike out on her own. Although her studio regards her in a jaundiced light, Hollywood respects her sagacity and understands her desire for independence.

MARILYN HAS practically no close women friends, but one woman who has known her for years recently explained her status.

"These last few years," she claims, "Marilyn has grown up. She may not think so, but she's changed a lot. From a bewildered youngster she has developed into a movie star with poise.

"She feels that she is no longer a dumb blonde. In many quarters there is no recognition of her growth. Many men in Hollywood remember her as an avid, struggling kid with a well-turned body and a seemingly empty head. They remember her when she didn't have a dime, when an interview frightened her silly, when she had to be rehearsed over and over for a simple bit of subtle playing.

"Many of these men created or helped create the Marilyn Monroe legend. If Marilyn said something artlessly funny, they'd broadcast it all over the world. For example, when Marilyn was asked if she had anything on while she was posing for her famous calendar, she answered, 'I had the radio on.' That remark was planted in every column in the country.

"As a matter of fact, Marilyn's publicity build-up was so tremendous that sometimes it got out of hand. The Clark Gable incident is an illustration. Because Gable danced with her at a party, an attempt was made to blow it up into a full-fledged romance. People laughed, and Darryl Zanuck gave orders to go easy on the Monroe publicity.

"Marilyn has earned a good deal of money for her studio. Everyone recognizes that. But she herself has practically no money saved or invested. Her salaries have been relatively small and her expenses high. But money is not the primary interest in her life.

"More than anything else, she craves recognition as an artist, as an actress—not as a lucky, fatuous personality. She would like to cremate the 'dumb blonde' reputation she never deserved."

There is a world of difference between "dumbness" and "naturalness." Marilyn has always been natural and candid.

Once, she was asked what, if anything, she did to maintain her posture. She admitted quickly, pointing to a set of dumbbells, "I lift weights to fight gravity. Gravity makes you sag."

Questioned about her sexy voice, she said, "I never find it necessary to use my voice in any special way. If you think something sexy your voice just naturally goes along. I've given pure sex appeal very little thought. If I had to think about it I'm sure it would frighten me."

On the subject of clothes she said, forthrightly, "I dress for men. They say women dress for women, but a woman looks at your clothes critically. A man appreciates them."

Marilyn never has been credited with much wit, but reporters who have interviewed her over the years will tell you that she is one of the wittiest girls in the film colony—not a smart-alecky wise-cracker, but an actress who is endowed with a natural sense of humor.

"So many reporters," Marilyn once complained, "ask me something. Then when I answer they say, 'Gee! I can't use that.' One time a fellow asked me what I wore to bed. So I said I only wear Chanel Number Five. 'Darn it,' he moaned, 'I can't use that.'"

Despite her naïveté and her charming frankness, despite "the dumb blonde" legend planted and nurtured by jealous women, Marilyn Monroe has always had a good head on her shoulders.

If she hadn't she never would have survived, much less succeeded, in Hollywood.

AT A PARTY FOR HER at Romanoff's the Hollywood greats—Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Bill Holden, Claudette Colbert, Doris Day and many others—came to Marilyn's table and said much the same thing: "I hear that in *The Seven Year Itch* you're absolutely wonderful."

Five years ago, Marilyn would have blushed and mumbled a shy, "Thank you."

But now Marilyn smiled beautifully. "Thank you," she said. "But it's really Billy Wilder's picture. He's a great director, and he makes me look good. In fact, so good that I want him to let me play in his next picture. But his next picture is *The Lindbergh Story*, and he says I can't play Lindbergh!" **END**

AND NOBODY KNEW WHO SHE WAS

No list of "Most-Widely-Recognized-People" can be complete unless it includes Marilyn Monroe. Yet the most publicized screen star in the world has succeeded in remaining in hiding.

She was ill, and had been recuperating at the Westport, Conn., home of her good friends, Aimee and Milton H. Greene. Greene is the noted photographer whose pictures of her have been reproduced everywhere. He arranged for her flight from California, in a night plane, under the name of "Zelda Nunc." Miss Monroe's famed figure was covered by a large cloth coat, and she wore a scarf around her hair and throat. She sat up front in the plane, where no other passengers would be likely to wander.

As soon as the plane landed in N. Y., Miss Monroe pretended to have a coughing spell, and used a handkerchief to cover her face. Mrs. Greene took her to a phone booth, where she waited until her bags were cleared. They drove to Westport, where Miss Monroe convalesced under a doctor's care. For her visits to town, with Mrs. Greene, she wore a page-boy wig.

When they returned from one such trip, they learned that newspapermen had arrived to check on her presence. Miss Monroe hid in the trunk of the car, until the visitors left.

Leonard Lyons in
The New York Post

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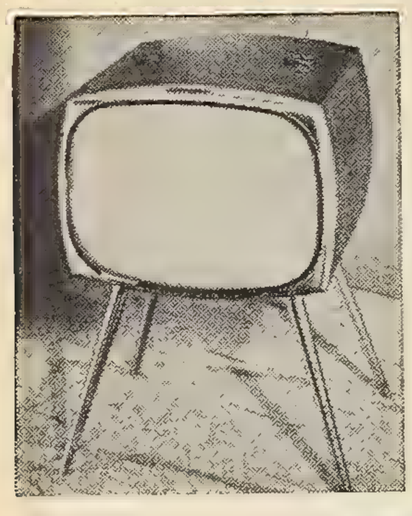
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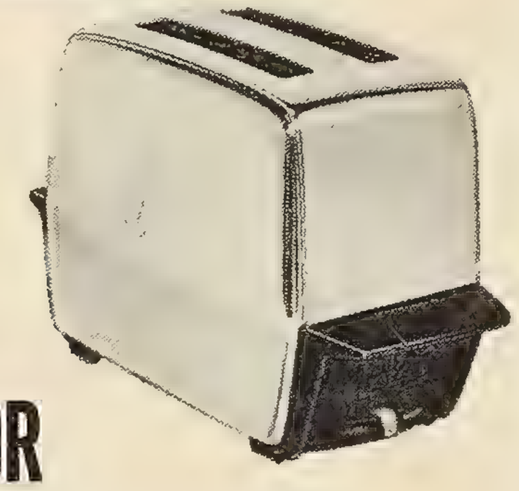
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the things that count

(*Continued from page 49*) of the Lancasters are sleeping warmly, and let's crawl back into the warm bed.

But he kept up the jog, and he knew that his reward was due soon, and when it came it would change his whole attitude.

AFTER ALL, RUNNING was important to him, he ran so much in so many of his pictures. When he made *Apache* some statistics-minded member of the crew figured that he had run a total of forty-eight miles, counting rehearsals and actual shooting. In *Sorry, Wrong Number* he was always on the run from both the police and a dope gang. In fact, in his very first picture, *The Killers,* he was a man who had run from his past.

Right now, he had run about half way around the quarter-mile oval when his blood began coursing a little faster—and a little warmer. Muscles which up to now had been tightly bunched began to loosen and joints which had creaked began to operate more smoothly. He began to breathe more deeply, his stride lengthened and a mellow Lancaster began taking charge, replacing the congealed one. Now he looked forward to the real purpose behind his early morning runs.

It was true that he came out to the UCLA track because he was the kind of man who had always kept himself in an athletically fit condition. "And," as he told himself, "the way you like to eat and the way the girl you married knows her way around the kitchen, you'd better keep running, Burt! An actor with weight is an actor headed for the gate!"

But more important to him, during these early morning jaunts, was the flow of fresh thoughts which came to him, bringing a consciousness of himself as an individual rather than a professional personality. Working under studio pressure, meeting other Hollywood people in atmospheres charged with the aggressive spirit and influences of the industry—it was too easy for a fellow to forget what he really was. This was why it was really worthwhile to go off by himself. And as he had said one morning on the track, "Burt, meet Burt!"

TOWARD THE END of the first lap he saw a few high hurdles which someone had left standing out on the track. Automatically, he headed for the first one, but at the last split-second he ducked around it instead of jumping—and had to laugh at himself. Something had told him just before the take-off he was still a little too stiff for leaping. Next time around I'll get you, he mentally addressed the hurdles. He'd have to get them, he thought. He wanted to be able to give his oldest son, Jimmy, a new answer this morning when he asked, "What'ya do, Pop?" Instead of replying, "Oh, I just ran around the track," he could say, "Oh, I jumped some hurdles." And he could hear Jimmy comment: "You did? Gee, Pop!"

FOR A REASON that was to come to him a few moments later, this thinking reminded him of his picture, *Vera Cruz,* and *Vera Cruz* reminded him of the man with whom he had co-starred in the picture, Gary Cooper. And then the connection became clear. Jimmy, he knew, was greatly impressed by Gary, much more so, apparently, than he was by his own father. Burt thought about this and wondered if he shouldn't make another western with Gary Cooper in which he clearly outrode, outshot and outfought him. That would show Jimmy!

Then he decided that before he did this he would take Jimmy to see *The Kentuckian,* which he had just finished. He was proud of *The Kentuckian.* He had enjoyed every moment of his location stay in Kentucky, where the picture had been made, and particularly several weeks spent in the historic Levi Jackson State Park, near London, Kentucky. And at this point he recalled with a chuckle the old gnarled resident of London who had stopped him on the street to shake hands.

"Put it there, son," the old-timer had said. "I told everyone you was going to make it!"

"Make it?" Burt had repeated, and the old-timer had explained. He had seen Burt years before, watching him when he toured the state with his partner, Nick Cravat. They were acrobats in the Kay Circus.

"You was climbing a long pole held by a little feller," said the old man, "and the crowd was holding their breath for fear you wouldn't get to the top. I kept a-hollering, 'He'll make it! He'll make it!' And looking at you today, young fellow, what with you owning this picture company and being the star of this picture they're making here, I guess you sure done well."

"Yeah, but what happened on the pole that day?" Burt had asked, bothered by some wispy and not-too-happy recollection.

The old-timer had shaken his head sadly. "You slipped, son, you slipped."

COMING AROUND the turn to begin a second lap, Burt caught sight of a masculine figure at a far corner of the campus meadows. The fellow was driving practice

On an early morning breakfast food show an announcer asked a little boy three times, "What cereal do you prefer in the morning, sonny?" Three times there was no answer. Then the little boy's piteous plea, "You're hurting my arm, mister."

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter

shots and Burt remembered he had seen him here before, and had even deduced from his observations that the purpose of the visits was to cure a bad hook. He kept watching out of the corner of his eye as the golfer teed up again and swung. And then Burt had to chuckle sympathetically. The hook was still there, as hooked as ever. When he felt it was about time for another shot to be taken he looked back again just in time to see the downswing. But this time the small, white pellet leaped out straight and true, and the pleased golfer couldn't help standing there as if transfixed, as he watched the flight of the ball. On sudden impulse, Burt waved a congratulatory hand high in the air at the golfer, who caught the gesture and immediately pantomimed his response with a low bow of thanks.

What do you know? An actor! thought Burt. Maybe not a professional one, but an actor just the same.

The hurdles were coming up now—three of them strung ahead in an irregular line. Burt speeded up a little and sailed over them in turn without any trouble. He turned around to see if maybe the golfer had been watching, but the guy was busy keeping his head down as he again swung at his ball. Unfortunately the shot wasn't much good. The hook was back.

Burt turned back quickly so as not to be caught looking and thus perhaps embarrass the unhappy golfer. And the word "embarrass" recalled to him how he had been embarrassed only a few weeks before by being roundly denounced in a hotel lobby crowded with people, and how he had meekly accepted it. He had accepted because he had deserved it. Yet he still winced at some of the accusations hurled

at him by his accuser, a small, peppery individual by the name of Thomas Hart Benton, who happens to be one of the foremost living American painters.

Burt and his partner, Harold Hecht, had arranged with Benton to have him do a portrait of Burt in the title role of *The Kentuckian,* and had brought Benton to Owensboro, Kentucky, where he was to do the painting which would be used as the key piece of art in the advertising campaign. That morning Burt had agreed to be at the Owensboro Hotel at seven o'clock that evening, after the day's shooting, to sit for Benton. But it wasn't until after nine o'clock that he arrived, to find the artist in the lobby, all packed and about to return to his home in Kansas City, Missouri.

Benton had lit into Burt with a flow of verbal abuse which would without doubt have won him the presidency of the Missouri Muleskinners Association, had there been such an organization and had they heard him. It was not only what he said, Burt recalled ruefully, it was the conviction he put behind it.

Not until Benton had just naturally wound down had Burt said a word in defense of himself. Then he had explained that not only he, but the whole company, had been delayed several hours by problems peculiar to picture-making, and which cannot be solved unless there is complete absorption in the task. This last aspect, concentration on one's work, Benton understood well; he himself had many times painted past meal times and appointment hours when he was deeply engrossed in what he was doing. The pepper went out of his voice and the friendliness came back in. They had dinner together and Burt posed for the canvas afterwards. But he knew then, as he knew now, that for at least one time in his life he had been bawled out by an expert.

THINKING ABOUT Benton had taken him well into the third lap of his run. He began to wonder how close he was to running a four-minute mile, and decided that he was much closer to a four-minute half-mile. Just the same, his thoughts jumped to the young English Dr. Bannister, who had first run the four-minute mile, and from this he jumped again to his plans to make a picture in England in the summer. The title of it was *Trapeze,* and he had signed Sir Carol Reed to direct it.

He began to pick up his pace a little bit when he started the fourth and last lap he planned to run, and felt pleased that the strength and wind for it came without too much strain. It was remarkable how much good a run could do for a man. He had arrived feeling miserable and in mourning for the sleep he had left behind in his bed. A few circuits of the track and he felt so good, so alert mentally and physically, that he was ready to tackle anything. Let's see, what problems had he?

Should he make a musical? Nobody thought of him as a song-and-dance man. He would have to rehearse interminably. The long hours working at dance routines would mean his muscles would ache in new places altogether. And then there was the singing necessary.

Should he try to get Montgomery Clift to work with him in *Trapeze*? Should he make *Trapeze* before he made the musical?

There was Anna Magnani with whom he was working in *The Rose Tattoo*—should he try out a little more of his Italian on her or should he let it go with the two words he had thrown at her and which she didn't seem to get?

How about his breakfast? He was getting hungry and it was a long drive home. Should he drop in at a drug store instead?

BY THIS TIME Burt was into the home stretch and putting on a final dash. And as fast as his feet were going, so was his mind functioning as he made a series of fast decisions:

Yes, he would star in a musical.

Yes, he would try to get Montgomery Clift for *Trapeze* and *Trapeze* would be made before the musical.

No, he would inflict no more of his self-learned Italian on Anna. The Italian he had picked up as a boy in New York, and even the Italian which had come to him in Italy as a G.I. there, was somehow not the Italian which Anna spurted at you—the words had to be shaped just right, apparently, to be delivered at her speed.

And breakfast? He was too hungry to wait. He'd find a drug store in Westwood.

With this last thought, Burt finished his mile run, but he didn't stop; he kept right on running toward the car. **END**

live alone and like it

(*Continued from page 31*) times, and right away we've had a New Year's elopement. Not a word of it is true.

"I don't know how these things get started. Just like my supposed retirement. I've got absolutely no plans for retiring. What I'd like to do is make one picture a year, then take plenty of time off for fishing, maybe a little hunting.

"I've got six weeks off between *Soldier Of Fortune* and *The Tall Men.* I expect to go down to Palm Springs, maybe to Phoenix and Tucson, and get myself a tan. Don't like to use make-up, you know. Had to for *Fortune.*

"If I'm seen with a girl in Arizona, those marriage rumors will probably start again. But just for the record, I have no intention of getting married. Girls, yes. But marriage is out."

AN IRRESISTIBLY charming lover, Gable has said all this before. But sooner or later he always succumbs to the wiles and enticements of some beautiful woman.

Of these he has always had an adequate list, no matter where he has been. In Arizona, he has Betty Chisholm, a wealthy widow whose companionship he finds utterly delightful. An outdoor woman, Betty owns a sizable ranch where Clark can relax and take it easy.

In Hollywood there's Kay Spreckels, Susan Hayward, Grace Kelly and, of course, Virginia Grey.

To this list you may now add Suzanne Dadolle with whom The King traipsed around Europe two years ago. Suzanne, who gave up her job as a Schiaparelli model to become Gable's traveling companion, arrived in Hollywood a few months ago to seek her fortune.

The stately beauty from Paris once had the inside track with Gable. But she gave out a premature engagement announcement—and Clark flew the coop.

When he came back to Hollywood last year, he was asked if he hadn't been close to making Suzanne the fifth Mrs. Gable. His answer was curt and sharp. "No," he said. "We never discussed marriage. She just taught me to speak French."

Well, Suzanne is back in town, and it will be interesting to see whether or not Gable wants to brush up on his French.

To date, The King and Suzanne have encountered each other only twice. Once on the set at 20th Century-Fox where Gable was doing a luncheon scene in a Hong Kong restaurant with Susan Hayward (later that day he drove Hayward home) and once in La Rue's restaurant. Gable was dining there with Kay Spreck-

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els when Suzanne came in with contractor Hal Hayes.

Since Hayes used to date Kay, and Gable used to date Dadolle, there might have been some embarrassment. But Kay handled the situation tactfully. She walked over to Hayes' table and was introduced to Suzanne. Gable nodded pleasantly, and the encounter came off without incident.

Suzanne is currently working as a free-lance model. "I work for Orry-Kelly, Magnin's, Saks and television. I love California so much. Eet remind me of North Afrique where I was when I was a girl. Please, I do not want to discuss Mr. Gable. He is a great actor, *un bon ami*. But let us not discuss heem. I saw heem at studio and restaurant. He is very charming, a nice man. I say no more."

It has been suggested, perhaps by the envious, that Suzanne came to Hollywood in an effort to recapture Gable's love.

It is safe to say that Clark is incapable of going without the companionship of women for long periods of time. And Suzanne, along with the rest of Hollywood, knows this. To attribute ulterior motives to the French model, however, seems hardly fair.

Whether or not Suzanne is reconciled to having lost the veteran actor, the fact remains that at this writing Kay Spreckels is the number one candidate in the Gable Marriage Sweepstakes.

IT WAS KAY who went golfing with Clark last winter in Palm Springs; it was Kay who met him at the airport when he returned from Hong Kong; it was Kay who was his 1954 girl friend; and it's Kay who has been his steady dining companion.

Clark has known the attractive little blonde for years, a fact her ex-husband once deplored in court, and has always been tremendously fond of her. Kay is endowed with a lively sense of humor, an attractive figure, and a sparkling vivacity—three advantages, incidentally, that characterized Clark's third wife and great love, Carole Lombard.

Gable acknowledges the need for women friends but discounts the necessity for a wife.

HIS EARLY BACKGROUND sheds some light on this. The doctor who delivered Gable in Cadiz, Ohio, on February 1, 1901, charged ten dollars for the delivery and registered the new-born baby as a "female"—an error that was eventually corrected.

Gable's mother, Adeline Hershelman, died seven months later. Gable was without a mother for five years. Then his father married a milliner named Jennie Dunlap.

When Gable grew to manhood, he twice married women older than he, Josephine Dillon and Rhea Langham. One psychologist suggested at the time that, "In these marriages, Gable is fulfilling the need for a mother as well as for a wife."

This mother-replacement theory is scoffed at by one friend of Gable's who insists that he married these women "out of sheer gratitude."

"The thing to remember," he points out, "is that when Gable first came to Hollywood he was broke. He was also a lousy actor. Josephine Dillon took him in as a twenty-three-year-old kid—she was thirty-seven at the time—and she taught him most of the acting fundamentals. She also got him jobs. He married her in 1924 and they stayed together for six years. Then Gable married Rhea Langham, a Houston divorcée who topped him by eleven years. Both of these women were kind to him, and I guess he felt that the least he could do for them was give them his name."

It didn't cost Gable a penny in alimony to divorce wife number one, but Rhea Langham hit him for $283,000.

It took a long time in coming and during the years of the separation Clark was linked with Loretta Young, Elizabeth Allan, Mary Taylor and a few other beauties of the 1930's.

In all those years he made few close male friends. Al Menasco, who used to run a Ford agency in Los Angeles and is now in the winery business in northern California, is probably Clark's one real pal. The Menascos toured Europe when Gable had Suzanne Dadolle in tow. Menasco kept saying at the time, "Gable's not marrying anyone, I don't think." But few of the European newsmen would believe him.

KAY SPRECKLES says the same thing, but again no one is buying that tune.

"Look," Kay protests, "if we were going to get married, the spark would have been kindled years ago. I've known Clark for twelve years. Met him at Metro when I was working there. It was during the war. He had just come back from the Air Force in Europe.

"We went to parties and dinners, and it was fun. Nothing else. Then I went off and got married. I've put out three fires (Charles Capps, Martin Unzue, Adolph Spreckels) and the marriage department is not for me.

"I've got no intention of walking down the aisle with anyone. Gable feels the same way and that's why we hit it off. We go out for laughs.

"In Hollywood people think it will lead to something. Some fellow named John Ravens (I never heard of him) saw Clark with me one night and the next thing he called all the columnists and announced that we were eloping, that by 1955 we would be man and wife. The newspapers played it up big—'Hint Gable Elopement' and all of that. No truth to it. Talk about marriage, and I've had it."

"Suppose Gable proposed to you?" Kay was asked. "What would your answer be?"

"You don't have to worry. There's no chance that he will. He's a smart fellow. He knows when he's well off," Kay replied.

Gable has reached that point where he has one woman, Jean Garceau, to look after all his correspondence, bills and household matters. If he needs a girl for dinner or any movieland function, he only has to pick up his phone. When he wanted to take someone to the première of *A Star Is Born,* he called Grace Kelly.

In Hong Kong where he was on location for *Soldier Of Fortune,* he heard that Ava Gardner was coming into town. A quick phone call, and the stars of *Mogambo* were dining together. Gable does not like to eat alone. For years he has preferred the company of a beautiful woman—and who can blame him?

When he was sitting out an anticipated divorce at the Flying ME ranch north of Carson City, in an effort to dissolve his marriage to Sylvia Ashley, he dated a most attractive divorcée named Natalie Thompson.

IT IS DIFFICULT to remember when and where Gable has ever been without a woman. When he was making *Mogambo* in Africa, he occasionally went hunting. But Grace Kelly went with him. When he got to London after that picture, it was still Grace Kelly. Once Grace left for New York, Clark moved over to Paris and Suzanne Dadolle.

Back home again, he gave Betty Chisholm a whirl, took out several others, concentrated, more or less, on Kay Spreckels.

Gable needs a woman around because he has been accustomed to female care and consideration ever since he was five.

His stepmother, Jennie Dunlap, babied him as a boy. When he became an actor and hit the road, a young actress in Portland, Oregon, fell in love with him and talked her father into letting Clark live on the family farm. Gable was then twenty-two, and according to Miss Franz Dorfler, the girl in question, "We were supposed to get married." Gable went to Hollywood where he married Josephine Dillon. She was the third in the platoon of women who were to make life easier for him.

The best-known of these was, of course, lovely Carole Lombard, who somehow managed to infect everyone around with her contagious gaiety. When she married Gable she was not an outdoorsy girl. But to make him happy, she learned to ride and shoot and fish. He never has been that happy since.

The only woman in Gable's life who reportedly did precious little for the rugged Don Juan was his fourth wife, Sylvia Ashley. Sylvia is an English girl who struck it rich via marriage. She redecorated the house on Gable's twenty-eight-acre ranch, moved Jean Garceau out of the place, began to entertain on a large scale, all of which Gable could not tolerate.

Three weeks after he married Sylvia, the actor knew it was a big mistake. Following the divorce—supposedly the settlement cost him $150,000—he renounced marriage and left for Europe.

WHEN HE CAME BACK, he refused to sign a new contract with MGM and told friends, "From now on I'm going to make only those movies I like. I want to be a free soul, play golf, travel here, visit there. I don't want any strings attached."

All men are creatures of habit, however, and Gable is no exception. It's all right to have Martin, his butler of many years, to take care of his clothes and personal wants. It's all right for Jean Garceau to take care of his secretarial needs. But who is there to take care of his emotional life?

Only a wife can do that, and at fifty-four, William Clark Gable has not stopped loving. **END**



MOTHER WORE GRASS

Quite a few years ago my mother was a professional toe dancer who did a very good hula as well. One night a young girl came to the door of her dressing-room and begged my mom to teach her the hula. She was politely escorted from the room. Today she is known as Joan Crawford.

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